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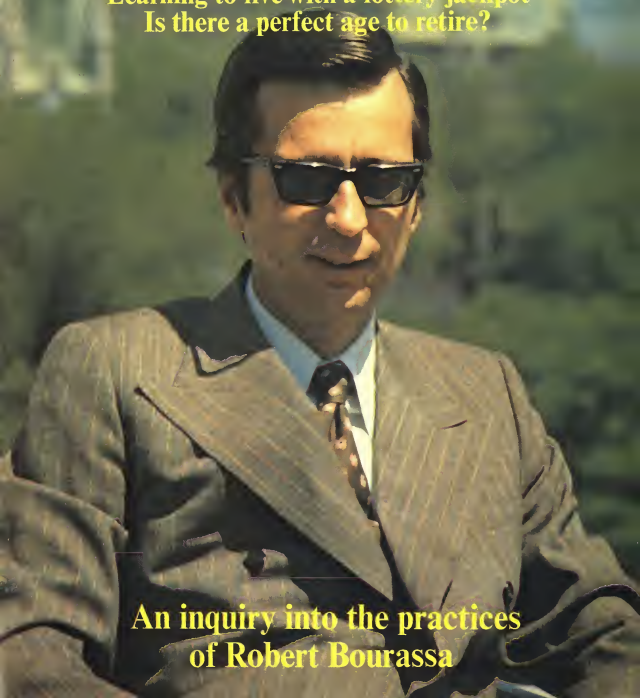
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

50c



# Maclean's

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An inquiry into the practices  
of Robert Bourassa

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# Maclean's

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## INSIDE MACLEAN'S

It can be said, with some certainty, that Michael Posner is the only writer-offer in Canada who has never won an Etroq. Because only about 11 Cana-



dians know what an Etroq is, he doesn't drop the fact in casual conversations, but only back in 1986 when he was at the University of Manitoba, Posner made a film, and when awards time came he lost out Paul Harding and some other guy as the best supporting actor in Canada.

Posner was flustered, however, and instead of becoming sad, worse after university he has a master's degree in English from the University of Toronto. Posner became a writer from that fall through when the 90-degree temperatures of the kitchen and the 30-degree (as it seemed to him) temperatures of the restaurant conspired to give him post-nose. Despite a total inability to type (to this day he still writes everything first in long-hand), he got a reporting job at The *Lethbridge Advertiser* in suburban Toronto. Then, without the faintest notion about things mechanical, he became assistant editor of *Canadian Dimension*, and spent 18 months there, writing not one feature story. It was during that period that he told his first piece to *Maclean's*, a column on Manitoba's Ed Schreyer. It began "Ed Schreyer has good teeth..." (Posner believes in amusing his readers' attention early. "I'm much more a stylist than a content man.")

After a sojourn at *Examiner*, Posner joined *Maclean's* this spring as an associate editor. His first major piece as a staffer — *The Posner After Nov. 6* (page 15) — establishes that he is more a content man than he is a stylist. Getting to see *Maclean's* wasn't easy. Posner went to Quebec City without an appointment, knowing only that he had a better chance if he were there in person than by trying to arrange by phone. At the Press Gallery he quipped with a reporter Ralph Newsworthy about how to go about using the *Posner*.

"You could just go and knock on his apartment door," Newsworthy said. "Just like that!" Posner asked.

"Well, you have to watch for the guy with the gun."

Posner went back to the telephone.

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# HOW TO TALK DIRTY AND INFLUENCE HANSARD

By Walter Stewart

I want to register a complaint about the House of Commons Translation Service. There are two problems with the way things are recorded for posterity: one is that politicians seldom say what they mean — a familiar complaint — the other is that Hansard doesn't get down what they say.

One day, sitting in the Press Gallery, I heard an MP express himself forcefully in the course of debate. The next day I checked to see how the Hansard reporter got it down. There it was — "Some hon. Members: Oh, oh!"

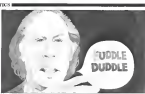
But that's not what he said. What he said was, "Blow it out your asshole, George!" A service that can render that as "Oh, oh!" is a service not to be trusted. It is significant, I think, that the most famous words ever uttered by our Prime Minister in the House of Commons never got onto the Hansard record — namely, they appeared on campaign T-shirts as "Fuddle Duddle." Whole generations of Canadians will be brought up to believe that Prime Robert Trudeau's shapeliest first son was "Fuddle Duddle."

Well, I ask you, how are we to get the full, ripe flavor of parliamentary thrust and parry with this kind of skewed reporting? The problem is compounded by the rules of parliament, the polite dictates that Honorable Members must observe with each other, the admonitions given that MPs never, never be. Our politeness rule in the House rules day half gagged, unable to enrage the opposition available to the rest of us in the course of normal conversation. Occasionally, an MP makes an art and runs around the member in his parliamentary mansion, former MP Gordon Aiken tells of the time Dr. Norman Clancy, a colorful Tory, felt he had been listened too long by one of the Liberal opposites. He rose and asked the Speaker, "Would it be out of order if I called the Honorable Member a son-of-a-bitch?" The Speaker asked "I thought so," and Clancy, and sat down.

In the old days the rules were more lax and speech more open. Once, William Ewart Gladstone rose in the British House of Commons to comment that his lifelong nemesis, Benjamin Disraeli, was bound to die his days either at the end of a rope or as a result of "some infectious disease." Disraeli replied amiably "That depends on whether I embrace the Honorable Member's principles or his wit."

My guess is that if somebody got off a line like that in Ottawa today, Hansard would snuff it in as "Oh, oh." We would all be better off if our MPs spoke more openly and the Hansard process stopped muzzling the record. This is not exactly the fault of the reporters themselves. Relevant portions of the "Blow" — rough copies of the Hansard Report — are sent to each Member who requests them and is recorded as having spoken and "minor corrections" are permitted. These minor corrections often take the shape of overly frank statements.

I am thinking of starting a translation service of my own — call it Hansard Last But Not For argument's sake — to set the record straight. A typical exchange and its translation might go something like this:



Hansard Hon. Robert L. Stanfield: Mr. Speaker, I know, pursuant to standing order 26 that this House now be adjourned to consider the grave and pressing questions of tapeworm infestation among Nova Scotia turkeys.

Translation: Old Bob: I was a pirate in the paper the other day about tapeworms, and it looked like a pretty good thing to let the government with.

Hansard: Mr. Speaker: While we are all aware of this serious problem, I am unable to find that it is a matter of such pressing urgency that the ordinary business of the House should be set aside. As it happens, there will be an opportunity to discuss the issue under orders of the day.

Translation: Speaker: Forget it. Hansard: Mr. Stanfield: Mr. Speaker, I have a question for the Prime Minister. I wonder if the Prime Minister could tell this House what action his government is prepared to take to meet the menace of tapeworm infestation among Nova Scotia turkeys?

Translation: Old Bob: I won't forget it.

Hansard: Right Hon. P.E. Trudeau: Yes.

Translation: Lucky Pierre: Yes.

Hansard: Some hon. Members: Hear, hear!

Translation: The ribble: Aw, what's your old man. Staff it in your or. Shuddap. Sit down. Forget it, Bob.

Hansard: Mr. Howard Graffley (Member of Opposition): Mr. Speaker, I would like to direct a question to the Minister of Agriculture. Can the minister assure this House that the tapeworm infestation among Nova Scotia turkeys will not affect the export of Canadian eggs, and if not, why not?

Translation: Graffley: Hey, Whelan, wake up.

Hansard: Hon. Eugene Whelan (Minister of Agriculture): My officials are looking into this problem at this very moment, Mr. Speaker, and I can assure the hon. Member that I will be making an announcement very shortly.

Translation: Old Gene: What the hell is this all about?

Hansard: Mr. George Hain (Prince Edward Henriques): Mr. Speaker, we are once again asking that this government is not prepared to set to protect the people of Canada.

Translation: Gorgias: Gosh. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Hansard: Some hon. Members: Hear, hear!

Translation: The ribble: Put that in your pipe and smoke it, wise guy. Aw go sit your nose.

Hansard: Mr. Stanfield: Mr. Speaker, I have a supplementary question.

Translation: Old Bob: I think we've got them on the hon.

Hansard: Mr. Speaker: While I have no wish to limit questions, I should point out that time is precious, and there are other matters to consider.

Translation: Speaker: If you'll lay off the tapeworms, we can get out of here in time for a game of golf.

Hansard: Mr. Stanfield: I just want the record to show the solemn indifference of this government toward that glorious region of Canada I have the honor to represent.

Translation: Old Bob: Yeah, okay, let's go play golf.

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# THE ANSWER, MR. TURNER, IS BLOWN' IN THE WIND

By Wade Rowland

Finance Minister John Turner has been pleading for restraint in Western oilfield oil and gas prices for months now, arguing that "unless inflation is stopped, the country won't be able to achieve any real economic growth." That statement may be true in technical economic theory, but in terms of what actually goes on in the world it is, simply, not accurate. It ignores a desperately widespread misunderstanding of the relationships among energy, growth and inflation.

The trick is more like this: as long as we continue to strive for growth in all sectors of the economy, inflation is inevitable.

There are two kinds of energy available to us. The first is the non-renewable kind that has been stored in the earth's crust over the past 35 million years — our reserves of coal, oil and gas. They can be thought of as a fixed stock of capital, as money in a savings account. The second kind is the continuously renewable energy available from the sun, the wind, tidal action, heat in the earth's interior, and so on. This kind of energy is our energy income, and it arrives with the regularity of a civil service salary.

Until about 225 years ago, human life was supported almost entirely by the constantly renewable energy. But with the advent of the industrial revolution, we began to rely more and more on our non-renewable capital stocks of fossil fuels. The economies of today's industrial states would grind to a standstill if there was a sudden interruption of supplies of coal, oil and gas.

The substitution of capital stock fuels for income energy has allowed us to do work with more speed. In agriculture, for instance, use of concentrated synthetic fertilizers and machinery for deep tilling have made possible the phenomenal increases in crop yields in the Third World that have been characterized as "the green revolution." If not conducting and fertilization were left to nature, the work of producing food would get done, but it would take longer.

In a nutshell, we are living almost entirely off our dwindling stock of capital, while ignoring or ignoring wherever possible. Any longer that trend to operate that very world-size go belly-ah! If a farmer is to survive, it must do all it can to live off its income, and invest its capital only in projects that stand a good chance of returning that income.

This top-heavy state of affairs is seldom confronted in the literature of conventional economics because there has been no adequate response by economists of the ultimate scarcity of non-renewable resources. They may issue a strange statement to make about a discipline that claims to be almost entirely preoccupied with "the necessity of having to make choices between resources are scarce," to quote one respected Canadian academic. But the economist's analysis of the current energy crisis is a good case in point. Conventional wisdom has it that a solution to the energy problem lies in spending a lot more money on exploration for new reserves and on capital investment for extraction facilities. Hence the platitudes come from industry spokesmen and sympathetic

ENERGY



politicians for higher profits and lower taxes for the oil companies.

Even assuming that adequate new reserves are there for the taking, the logic of this argument crumbles as soon as we look a little beyond the economist's restricted field of vision to what goes on in the real world.

What we need to forget is that energy in the ground is of no use to us until it has been discovered, extracted, processed and delivered, and that all of these procedures consume energy. In the past, our reserves were highly concentrated and easy to get at. But nowadays they are getting more and more scattered and we have to drive more and more energy into that energy-eating process. Eventually, a point must be reached where the energy consumed is greater than the energy produced.

This is the reason why several American power utilities have been finding it impossible to attract capital for investment in nuclear reactors. It is why development of oil shale extraction processes in the Alberta tar sands is at a standstill, and it may well be why Atlantic Richfield pulled out of the Sonoran development. The energy costs of such projects are simply not justifiable now in the light of the expected energy production.

There are at least three vitally important consequences to be drawn from all of this. The first is that it is often folly to pour serious, non-renewable energy into the development of fossil fuel and gas reserves, such as those in the Arctic north-pole or the Alberta tar sands, if we are going to use the energy obtained to carry on business as usual. Such lavish expenditures can be justified only if we invest the energy produced in developing ways of collecting and delivering our income energy from the sun, the heat in the earth's core, wind and tidal action. This must be done carefully, and if we wait too long the energy needed to make the switch won't be available at any price.

The second consequence is that our reserves of usable energy are used mostly as big as we thought they were. The statistics we are quoted by government and industry spokesmen are all pure figures; but what counts are the real figures which run after the energy requirements of exploration, extraction, processing and delivery are subtracted from the gross amount of energy actually in the ground.

Third, in an economy such as ours, which is heavily dependent on energy, inflation is unavoidable so long as we continue having to pay more and more for less and less usable net energy. Continuing growth can only exacerbate the problem because it will increase the already enormous ratio of resource consumption to consumer goods production.

If John Turner does not see to it that we invest our energy capital in the new technologies we will need to begin living off our energy income, he can never hope to see inflation. And if we must have economic growth, this is the only area where it can take place without adding further to inflationary pressures.

# CHICK PICKS SICK SHTICK

By Marci McDonald

She went goose-fingertail. It was the first thing I noticed about her, though it was hardly the first thing to notice. Up on the headboard, her slinked back and forth, her head in the spotlight like chicken-down feather, snuggled to the navel. Her dress of dark hunked up from the shoulders to a crutch that was cut short to cockle like a corset of post-apocalyptic. She slumped across the stage, thighs locked in an angry, almost a violent push. She snatched the long hair microphone pole between her legs, snatching, along her scintillating lips back over her teeth and barked out her words at the audience in a mocking, short-breath squeak.

When I first saw you, like a cocklebird's brother  
You were an antique, I was naïf to the point  
The room was lowering bodies, and another friend  
Everyone was dead-end, everyone was dead.

Out in the darkness of the nightclub, ten glitter queens were living out the lyrics. They did their arms tighter around the girls they danced with, pelvic to pelvic. The Hoochie Man's hand took up the message, clutched a drenched girl to her, locked her lips to his in a solid five-minute kiss. One of her own. The other, her head in the underground was there for the occasion, but these were straight too, prancing the doorway, backdoor by a word-of-mouth hit and the posters outside promising a hand called Rough Trade ("Repubek's best functioning"). And when they weren't hugging on each other, they were hugging on lead singer Carole Pope's every word.

They listened, apt, in songs about crusting and living, about women passing other women, about the joys of whips and chains. They applauded wildly when called *Lipsick On Your Quiver* and *Reverend Underneath*. Applauded wildly but, added you, some too badly. For if Carole Pope's lyrics were all windy, literally, vain, vain, figuratively, it didn't and possibly people, they were nevertheless delivered straight from the soul with a young man's hair and face to match the complexion: the air hung thick and sticky with solid orgasms.

Something was happening here — and it was not just an added, solid thing. There was an undercurrent of all about her but one of Toronto's biggest clubs. Rough Trade was no slouchy import from Waterloo, but a homegrown band that has built up its own name and unfurling following from club to club without a single record or type campaign, a group that Margaret Trudeau came to love and Alton Cooper's producer wants to record, certainly the hottest group on the Canadian music scene.

Rough Trade is a sign of the times. The night after I first heard them, I went home to read an Oxford student's thesis on Andy Warhol that concluded: "One proof of a decadent society seems to be that morality is replaced by style." And in the words of our, which is swamped in excess, the ultimate state has become the style of decadence itself.

In the tradition of Warhol, Alice Cooper, David Bowie, and the New York Dolls, Rough Trade has taken the last

STYLE



strokes of sex and witless and flavored them, celebrated them and saw them out, weaved them out with one single, seductive, what-not-worry smile. Suddenly only in its perfection has become the new chic, it has become cool not to care. Peace and love and the desire comes consciousness of the Soviet are manifest prices now. Glitter is what's happening, skirts and skirts and terribly sophisticated concerns out of other, shiny, tamely sophisticated times. There is a rule for everyone who comes to play it in this costume drama. The entire cost of character has been at all and done at all.

I have seen seven-year-olds written for Alice Cooper to behind herself on a pole that will dip sharply and they were not afraid, they watched in fascination from shell-shocked chairs. I have met 11-year-olds who performed themselves passionately after David Bowie — poor dear, poor dear David Bowie in his lightning and space suits, baroque, surreal, ornamental, bored with being adult, it is just too dreary. And now I sit in the audience beside a sweet, witty boy in a tight wig and white face powder (pink or Rough Trade) and I wonder: have we become so Nouveau as the passing seconds that we write our mass shock treatments to restore some semblance of feeling? Are we so bewitched by the future clinging toward us that we have done the likes of what was once out to ward off the worst that is yet to come?

Carole Pope (she's) is shy and sensitive, often a former schoolmate and who sprung out of Toronto's ultimate suburb, Dan Mills. But along the way something happened. She dropped out into hedonism for a while, got into the women's movement and then turned against it and men. Though she says her lyrics are a sentence — "I just want to make them laugh at sex because it's all so serious" — she admits that she herself is openly bisexual and has whipped people. "Whips aren't really my thing, but they're very sexy." She reasons becoming a star with her production numbers, "lots of whips and doing crops, rubber and leather, furs and feathers. I've always been fascinated by decadence."

And now up on the headboard, the music starts to play and the stage is lit. She swishes behind her plastic curtains. She wears a "long, sexy, sexy, sexy" dress. She gets the air with her green fingernails. And I am reminded of another pair. They were only a pair of "divinely decorated" green fingernails in a film I saw once — but let me tell they have always been the trademark for that lightning-fused air of edgy sexuality in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*. That was celebrated in the *Movie Camera*. It is not, as it turns out, a thought that is beyond Carole Pope's own, unbridled imagination.

"What about the pink," she says thoughtfully, "when Renee Zellweger was a girl of decadence and homosexuality and general overdoing. And it's like the fall of Renee now. There's a definite crumbling. People want to be entertained and escape. And that's what we're giving them."

\*Reverend, copyright Karina Staples and Carole Pope, published by Decent On Music (Capricorn)

# COMING BACK FROM MOTHERHOOD

By Myran Koshak

As a 43-year-old woman and to me, "The style of the Fifteen was mostly domestic." I wanted to know what it's like to be a woman of 40 now and trying on a new identity. How it feels to leave behind the character parts of Mom, chief cook and bottle-washer and go out into the world as a woman worker. How it feels to slough a long-term investment in the service of others and to meet now on one's own terms.

Laura, 43, has three children between the ages of 11 and 14 and has an official job on a trade magazine, a job she describes as "rotten" by other people's standards but "good for me." She's been working at this for the past five years, only the last year full-time. She talks about herself as physically and mentally, she is full of enthusiasm and optimism, she is "all systems go." I would not, apparently, have recognized her 10 years ago.

"I owed a lot but I can't remember ever what. The whole five years when the kids were small slide together and I can't remember one year from the other. A grey, grey period. My only thought was, when they're a little older and taking care of themselves, then I can try to get out of this."

"I had always taken it for granted that my role as mother was not considered by the rest of the world as important. I couldn't stand to be approached as though I did nothing but cook and clean. That there wasn't anything else to me in other people's view, I knew I had to do something. I decided it was a job I needed, partly because the rest of the world saw you as what you are. I can be the strong person in my head and have all the same feelings as when I'm out working but I'm a nobody if I'm at home with three babies. I have no idea why I didn't consider it as doing something. All the time, time, I wanted children and I didn't want anybody else to look after them. I was convinced that was my role."

The double bind. The terrible knock between two sets of lives—children's or mother's, chaos or none—and the impossible, exhausting juggling of priorities—whose need is greatest right at this moment? The resentment that the choice has to be made at all, that women's lives are appointed not the least hand of the Apparel Fund—so much for you, to reach for you, and this little bit here is for me.

Laura had worked for six years after her marriage before the children came and loved it. At the same time, she was part of a generation for whom children were the new sign of marriage. And so when the babies arrived at 29 she was "delighted" but she wanted to become involved in pregnancy and childbirth but by the third baby this fascinating process had begun to pall. "The miserable nothing of this state, low-key routine. Day in and day out of diapers, food and wined floors. You simply lose day think, there's got to be more than this." She couldn't afford the notion of housekeeper and baby-sitters and, besides, Laura was caught in that Fifteen conundrum with the Mexican image. Of course you stayed at home to date on the strained pants secured on baby's hip. What are you, unattractive?

"I really started crying up. I became the dominating



office wonder of the household. But fear of the outside world started with being at home alone with babies and reaching the huge responsibility a mother has with nobody to tell you if you're doing it right. The bottom falls out of your self-confidence as you just muddle through each day."

She deals with horror that the fully sympathized with a neighbor who never emerged from her house for weeks at a time. It was a way of coping, Laura says now.

Later, when she decided to go back to work, another series of troubles began. The fear, fear of the job interview, fear of full time (i.e., "real") work, fear of speaking up, fear of walking into strange restaurants and ordering food, fear of dropping her drink from her shaking hands, fear of failing to measure up to her competitors. "32-year-olds with long blond hair down to hips and fabulous grades from Bryn Mawr."

"I was 38 and thought I had nothing to offer compared to them. But it was terribly enabling. I had my own little room at home to work in and I had this space in my life where I was an unqualified success. The two oldest children were very pleased that Mommy had a job. But when I started to work regularly at the office instead of at home, the eldest started developing aches and pains in the morning. I felt terribly awful leaving her but I had to do it. I'd really like my children to know that it wasn't them I was leaving when I went out to work, it was my role as mother."

"At the same time, look how happy and useful you are raising three kids, running a household—must absolutely nothing to me."

"My husband had supported me virtually in this. But not really in the petty-gritty. Not, for instance, in making the supper. I don't mind. It's not his role."

The important thing is how I function at work, not at home. To be a success in the office, I must be free to fulfill the terms of my job. And I know the family could survive the changes. I've discovered I have ambition. I really want to make it. My biggest disappointment has been learning that working people just muddle through life. The bosses have been getting my own money, paying my own way."

On the one hand, women are assailed by a barrage of propaganda telling in our rest magazines that it being somebody's housekeeper, somebody's maid. On the other hand, our economic survival, our definitions of success and confidence and mental health, reveal what we really think of "housework." It is mental and performed for love and recovery. By none of our common standards is housework considered "real" work and yet we are bound, as Laura was, by anxiety if we see through the sham. A long-term resolution of this contradiction will probably be to pay housework for the work they do and to give them the power to determine the conditions under which they work. No self-appointing male worker exists for less. In the meantime, Laura and her co-workers see themselves with a pay cheque from some other land of job. And nervously make their excuses to people like me for their gnatery.



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# MEXICO

# SASKATOON THROWS A FITNESS FIT

By Matthew Hagan

Every morning, Mrs. Caroline Johnson walks 30 turns around the basement of her house on Avenue A in Saskatoon. This is not so remarkable until you consider that Mrs. Johnson is 88, and that when she started walking out some months ago she could only manage five laps. She is one of the thousands of Saskatoon residents caught up in the city's new, energetic and effective Participation program, and as an elderly but eloquent testimonial to the wisdom that can be worked if only, in the words of Participation Chairman Dr. Sean Lauder, "we can get people up off their butts."

Participation was born in Saskatoon, and here again greeted me as I entered the city, advising that this is a "Canadian's Model Fitness Community." The nation behind the campaign is to work as one father over the fact that we are a country full of slobs, to drill home the lesson that the average 60-year-old Swede is in better shape than the average 30-year-old Canadian, and to shame us into doing something about it. It is never put that way, of course. Participation's propaganda is bristling of the positive virtues of fitness (although there is a typical, paranoiacal playing down of the strongest selling point — fit people are safer), but talking behind all the slogans is the hidden hint that one day a hostload of Swedes will arrive over here, turn off the TV, teach the lout from our lands, and beat the hell out of us.

Of course, we are a nation of slobs, and if crash in the physical fitness of our fellow Canadians is proof of our health than any other Western country, we lose many lives all work due to diseases that most advanced nations, our economic loss due to cardiovascular diseases — directly related to lack of physical fitness — comes to an estimated \$1.7 billion per year. We eat too much, drink too much and exercise too little. And, incidentally, how's your love life?

Sport Participation Canada, the mother corporation behind Participation in Saskatoon, was founded in September, 1971, as a public-private hybrid. Founding funds were contributed by the federal government, free advertising is contributed by business firms and the work comes from volunteers such as Dr. Lauder, a medical missionary preaching a moderate gospel.

Saskatoon was chosen as a test community by Sport Participation Canada because it is the right size, because it is semi-isolated and cold in winter, with a consequent temptation to slump into slobery, because there are a lot of local enthusiasts to stir this path up in every season to bust the Canadian Winter Grouch. In Saskatoon did in 1971, is a city full of slobs and because Russ Koby, National Coordinator of Participation Canada, used the spring, came from there and knew the locals could bring the project off.

Koby was right, although it didn't look that way at first. A preliminary survey into the state of Saskatoon's fitness provided horrifying results. Less than 5% of the group studied had done anything physically active in the previous two weeks, 64% had been inactive for a year, 42% had suffered anything vigorous for 10 years, but most of those

surveyed thought they were at least as fit as other Canadians.

So the local Participation Committee (Participation is the slogan, Sport Participation Canada the company) launched a propaganda campaign to convert Saskatoon's citizens that they were less than fit. There were full-page newspaper ads, TV and radio plays, and public meetings. Then, in essence the stadium, there was a community-wide program of action.

Beyond their muscular cowardice, the Participation people are reasonable folk, they don't want us all out doing 30 push-ups or running the two-minute mile every day, they will be satisfied if we can meet a set of stairs without breathing like an obese goose clad 50, for its first project, Saskatoon asked its citizens simply to walk around the block over with their families. After a bit of publicity, Saskatoon turned out and walked on the evening of February 5, 1972. The sponsors were expecting that, at best, one in five residents would take up the challenge, instead, with the thermometer at 20 below zero, some 70,000 people, about half the population, braved the night air for a few block circuits.

The city has never looked back. There have been walk-arounds the world for which school children total the miles walked when everybody navigates a few blocks, the aim was to build up 25,000 miles for the city, but the first walk logged 61,000 miles, public and private companies and a transatlantic competition with Umeå, a mid-sized city in northern Sweden which was teamed with Saskatoon for the event. The laughter of Umeå were harnessed when a Saskatoon delegation landed on them with a challenge to a walkathon — the winner to be decided by the city that turned out a greater percentage of its inhabitants for a three-day walk-off in May — but gamely met along. Umeå was beaten by Saskatoon, at a neck-and-neck race, by one percentage point on the third day of the competition.

The local effect of all this activity has been glorious. Sales of slot, tennis rackets and other sports equipment have rocketed, once lonely evening classes at the Y are jammed, and the whole damn city is full of the squeaking of the fit. Few surveys have shown that the number of residents who are regularly active has jumped from less than 5% to more than 50%. I am for the police to ask what has happened to Saskatoon's love life, but the mind boggles.

Once established in Saskatoon, Participation blossomed in other centers, and there are similar programs under way now in Peterborough, Ontario, Penikese, BC, and Medicine Hat, Alberta. There are province-wide committees (forming in BC, Alberta and Quebec, with such tempting slogans as "Trim Quebec" and "Glad the Bully").

I doubt if Participation does much for the nation's jacks beyond giving them a chance to show off. They are going to half and puff and run anyway, the program works because it makes ordinary people do a few simple exercises, walk a little, jog a little, touch the toes a few times. Cell-phone-walking may not be everybody's idea of fun, but it's that Mrs. Caroline Johnson's way of joining in, fit as fit in four.



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# YOUR VIEW

## The bittersweet success of Barbara Frum/Stewart's solution/Prejudice on the Prairies

After reading *Key Playings*, Barbara Frum (June), I wonder how loud Heather Robertson tried to find 10 Canadian writers worth quoting. Surely her research could have found an individual of deeper character, one more representative of Canadian journalism, like Barbara Frum.

Mrs. Frum stated, "People equated a lot of me." If that is true, it is most unfortunate that she has failed them so miserably.

MRS. V. TRACY LOWRIE, WINNIPEG

The last thing we need is the sound of Barbara Frum blowing her own horn, with an assist from Heather Robertson.

In spite of Mr. Robertson's fulsome appreciation, Mrs. Frum comes across, in both the interview and her radio program, as a woman with the sensitivity of a steamroller and the probing delicacy of a scoop shovel. What I hear in the program is not much more than a blinding glare from an already inflated ego. The cover title, *Barbara Frum's Story* (Barbara Frum, is correct) — she was spotted before the program started.

VITO DIAMU, VICTORIA

For years I have been as lost as Red Macdonald, addition with enthusiasm. This evening, however, I spent much of my time reading your June issue, and particularly appreciated Heather Robertson's article on Barbara Frum. I am not sure whether you have asked or I have, but I find myself loving part of your magazine.

C. T. SMITH, NEW GERMANY, NS

## A separate peace

Walter Stewart's pungent remarks in *Sunday Affairs* on *Search Of Qi* and *My Farewell To Quebec* (June) should shake the foundations of Canada from sea to sea, and shock every thoughtful citizen who realises the dimensions in which our great nation is fast heading.

Thank God we have young Canadians and "Canada's National Magazine," Macdonald's, with the guts to come forward and give us the truth about history's perils.

MIKE J. PITCHER, TORONTO

Reading Walter Stewart's article on Quebec is like being told by a doctor that your mother is an idiot: you don't want to believe it, but the cold, objective record of symptoms leaves you no room for other choice.

THOMAS VAN DUSEN, ALBERTA EAST, SK

It has long been my thinking that Quebec deserves a kept woman, who has to live her every work gratified so that she will say yes at the appropriate time.

You must be aware that many residents in the West are fed up with the state of affairs, and that there appears to be a serious movement slow to separate from the rest of Canada, sitting in the Ontario border like a cold, cynical, why do we need the East? We have the gas, oil, iron ore, coal, copper, concentrates, lumber, grain, steel, and plenty of initiative. And we need no longer have to pay

lip service to the incantous obscurities, bilingualism.

W. E. BENNETT, VICTORIA

As a French Canadian born and raised in Manitoba, I cannot agree with Walter Stewart's *My Farewell To Quebec*.

Instead of encouraging Québécois separatism, he should be supporting French minorities in the rest of Canada. Reeves knows we need help! Saskatchewan, for example, still has no French minority, and who ever heard of French schools in British Columbia?

Manitoba, fresh from the Red Revolution, was made a province by the Manitoba Act of 1870, which guaranteed equal rights to English and French. But through immigration, anglophones became the majority, the use of French was abolished in 1880, and English became the sole official language of Manitoba. Only recently have Franco-Manitobans again been allowed French schools.

Perhaps if Manitoba had accepted Quebec, as intended and promised, Quebec would not have felt obliged, some 80 years later, to pass Bill 22 in order to protect itself in English.

ROBERT LEAGUE, SAINT BONIFACE

## Manitoba replies

Heather Robertson came to be collecting from a severe case of borrowed logic in *My Farewell To Quebec* (June). She also ignores a few basic facts from the

province's recent political history.

To imply that Sidney Spivak's current leadership problems stem from the fact that he is Jewish is nonsense in anyone's sense of either words or reality as the fall of 1972 is dispositive in Progressive Conservative leader.

Obviously and unfortunately, there is some degree of latent anti-Semitism in Manitoba. But Spivak himself brought the issue to the public eye when he lost no famous March speech to the party faithful. In the wake of reports of widespread dissatisfaction with Sidney Spivak in certain, it is hardly surprising that some party members would voice the opinion in part of his campaign to hold on to his position.

STEVE KESSEITZER, WINNIPEG

Heather Robertson's article has done me a profound disservice. It does not say so directly, but by implication suggests that I was guilty of anti-Semitic comments with respect to the leader of the Progressive Conservative Party in Manitoba, Sidney Spivak.

A little research would have revealed an entirely different situation. During an interview after I was elected leader of the Liberal Party, I was asked whether the limited success of my predecessor, Izzy Averb, might be attributed to the fact that he is Jewish. I stated that I was afraid that some anti-Semitism did exist in Manitoba and, to the extent that it does, it would be a regrettable disability, because every person should be judged on his abilities and not on the basis of his racial background.

I am convinced that Mr. Robertson would then write that my remark should have been challenged, and that Sidney Spivak drew the "logical conclusion" which implied him to speak out against anti-Semitism. This is a strange thing coming from Heather Robertson, who has neither met me nor spoken to me, and who is obviously not familiar with my background.

In several years of serving as chairman of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association in Manitoba, and I have acted as a spokesman for the Canadian Jewish Congress in dealing, for example, with such vital issues as hate literature.

CHARLES R. HEDGECOCK, LEADER, LIBERAL PARTY IN MANITOBA, WINNIPEG

I would like to thank Heather Robertson for her columns. Her descriptions of events and personalities are extremely accurate. Mr. Robertson is indeed alive and well in Manitoba politics and is being nurtured and

perpetrated by those who profess to be appalled by it. I know as former executive assistant to Sidney Spivak, I witnessed such prejudice every day. Since the day Spivak became leader of the Manitoba Progressive Conservative Party four years ago, a personal campaign, fueled largely by anti-Semitism, has been under way to dislodge him from that post. Party M.L.A.s and officials say they oppose him not because he is Jewish but because he cannot beat the NDP — even though he increased the PC's percentage of the popular vote in the last election.

The fact is, however, that these Conservative M.L.A.s and other party backers oppose Spivak because they do not believe a Jew can be elected Premier of Manitoba. Several of them have told me as much. But for many of them, such a belief was not hard to come by. It was easily acquired through their own prejudice. Furthermore, these sentiments reflect, in many instances, those of their Conservative constituents.

Sidney Spivak's involvement in politics has required a substantial personal and financial sacrifice. He and his wife, Barbara, the Progressive Conservatives appreciate the effort he has put into the party. Fewer still have helped him or offered any thanks. As they say, there is no gratitude in politics. But there should be some decency. Unfortunately, some Manitobans are devoid of both.

JOHN A. JOHNSON, JR. JOHN'S

## Of boys and men

Heather Robertson's *Mr. Who Is Wanting Big Brother?* (May) is a prime example of superficial, irresponsible journalism, which neither informs nor entertains but rudely dismisses the insight of a most honorable journalist.

Men are of interest to the judge and the psychiatrist. What really matters in life is action — a person's willingness to extend a helping hand when a person, not M.L.A., can't.

I am writing this letter after putting my extended 11-year-old son to bed. He spent the evening with his Big Brother. It is difficult to ascertain just what Mr. Robertson is trying to achieve in her malicious and vitriolic article. I see nothing constructive or helpful in her criticism.

My son, having been virtually fatherless for the past four years, recently acquired a Big Brother. My only regret that he has not been a Big Brother sooner. Unfortunately, at

though we are members of established institutions within society (for example, the church), no one told Big Brother has come down to offer my child any kind of relationship on a one-on-one basis.

It is only to be expected that the relationship between the Big Brother and the boy will be successful every time, and also that it will take time to develop. As we do not expect the Big Brother to be the parent of my son, something all the mistakes I may have made over the years. But it is heart-warming to see them both trying, and gradually succeeding, to reach a real rapport with one another.

DEBRA HENDRICK BROMBERG, VANCOUVER

## The urge to kill

After reading about myself in *Search Of Qi* (June), I suggest the author, Ron Bass, and I exchange positions, he to write fiction, for which he appears to have an immense talent.

The only "non-model" impulse in me was a lively urge to destroy broadcast news by taking it to the reporters — a justifiable rage never to anyone unfortunate enough to appear in the public prints. I had thought, when one of your editors telephoned concerning verification, that the phone had been laid, the disconnection cut. My late father's desire to kill never got past the would-be thought stage.

This is what comes of giving a boy journalist more than one bottle of alcohol.

DENNIS T. PATRICK SMITH, GLENVIEW, ONT.

## Positive I.D.

Because I have enjoyed *Macdonald's* for several years and always found it an accurate source of information, I am compelled to correct an error which appeared in *Barbara Frum's Story* (April).

I am flattered to have appeared in an illustration representing Manitobans, but have never been to the "Ukrainian Festival at Dauphin." In fact, the picture was taken at the Manitoba Legislative Grounds in Winnipeg during a Centennial celebration in which I, as a member of a local Polish folk dance group, took part.

ANNA GABRIELJEWICZ, WINNIPEG

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# THE PREMIER MUST NOT SWEAT

An inquiry into the practices of Robert Bourassa

BY MICHAEL POSNER

Summer arrived early in Quebec City this year, ushered in on the crest of a May heat wave that—basically, at least—

took the French steel off its sliding pantalon, politicians smartly dressed women perched in light cotton along the Grande Allée and lunched on the terrace of the legislature. But to various observers of the Quebec scene, the weather was just a nice pathetic fallacy, God's error of the heat in the political kitchen. However, for all the sun warming against the Liberal government, it was hard to see what—if anything—was happening. And the only man who knew the day's action with certainty was the chief himself, the twenty-second premier of Quebec, Robert Bourassa.

In recent months, Bourassa had earned himself quite a reputation for slipping up surprises, not all of them to his liking. His administration, buoyed by an awesome 56-seat majority in the 116-seat legislature, had lately been plagued by a disconcerting series of setbacks. Evidence of professional and personal at high levels had brought slinking editorialists in the press. Roger Lacombe, in a rare front-page editorial in *Le Press*, accused Bourassa of indulging in *chronique journalistique*—which translates variously as anti-unionism or anti-unionism. The report of the influential *Clubs* commission into labor unrest had implicitly blamed the government for union actions, and found a strong element of collusion between key Liberal advisors and the corruption-ridden Quebec Federation of Labor. And Paul Desrochers, chief Liberal Party organizer and for four years Bourassa's de facto prime, was singled out as the culprit for questionable conduct. Desrochers, now vice-president of Canada Permanent Trust, had still to date touch with the Premier, attempted to negotiate a 10-year renewable agreement with the QFL at the James Bay hydroelectric project. The negotiations, which would have given the QFL a heavy monopoly at the site, were coincident with the federal

election's support of various Liberal candidates in the 1973 provincial election.

There were other embarrassments. William O'Brien, a Montreal meat dealer closely linked to organized crime, told a provincial police commission he contributed \$4,500 to Bourassa's 1969 leadership campaign. Evidence presented to the same probe revealed that the late labor minister, Pierre Laporte, had consorted frequently with underworld leaders, and everybody—it seemed—knew it and ignored it. Liberal MNA Guy Leduc was forced to resign this year after admitting he had met with two well-known underworld figures. And Paragon Business Equipment, a company in which Bourassa's wife, the former *Actuelle* beauty, brother-in-law, Tourism Minister Claude Stenard, owned a 47% interest, was revealed to have been awarded one million dollars in government contracts during Bourassa's first three years in office.

Everything considered, it seemed somehow appropriate that in Quebec City disheveled, the most popular image of the day was a member called, *Shore, Shore, Shore*.

The Premier who criss in his black leather chair like black has two in place, perfectly groomed. His black hornrimmed glasses are pressed firmly up against his forehead face—half boyish, half serious. He wears two inches of white shirt cuff protruding from the sleeve of his three-point, dark blue suit, and his hands, free and delicate, move repeatedly, adjusting the knot of his striped tie. It is 3 p.m.—daily question period in the Quebec Assembly, on Bourassa's chance for the six-member Parti Québécois opposition to grill the government, and Robert Bourassa, the youngest man ever elected premier of Quebec, one of June's youngest 150 Leaders of the Future, is doing his best to look interested.

Turning now and then to confer with a colleague, or poised to respond to a question, he seems not so much thoughtful and attentive, as eager to appear thoughtful and attentive. And when at last he rises to speak, his voice is low and flat, without fervor—a reasonable voice that speaks neither too slowly nor too fast, conscious of its performance. "Mr. Premier, the government's position on the special law has always been the same, which is to say that we consider the problem from two points of view..." At 3:42 p.m., having fulfilled his obligations, Bourassa strides confidently from the chamber, preceded as always by one of his two bodyguards and followed by a flight of stairs to his three-room apartment. Bourassa sleeps here four nights a week in a room that looks south over the parliamentary towers to the Old City and, beyond, to the blue expanse of the St. Lawrence. He spends weekends with his wife and two children in his off-peak residence in Montreal. It is an old-fashioned house, draped in heavy brocade and furnished with Victorian-style chairs and chandeliers. Bowls of pears and salmon—a la Bourassa—Bourassa's snack—is scattered around the table. The only distinctly modern note is the ornate guard who sleeps in the room next to the Premier's—it is legacy of the Quebec crisis, when Bourassa fled his two-dollar-a-night room in an old motel town for the police-cordoned security of Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel. Before then, as a Liberal backbench chair during the late 1960s, the Premier often made excursions—a slow—into Quebec City bars, unaccompanied, unidentified, to talk with students. But that kind of spontaneity is just history now.

Bourassa enters the apartment and is greeted by Bernard Marry, a Montreal hardware man who has known Bourassa for some 20 years ago, as an estimated \$11,000, to manage the Premier's bar, it had the embarrassing habit of filling in front of his eyes. Marry diagnosed the condition as "acc-

Michael Posner is an associate editor and a senior writer for *Maclean's*.

with hair, "narrowed it and has since become responsible for the Premier's extensive wardrobe, starting with his to New York. Paris. Zurich.

Some people conclude from this that Bourassa is a man that he isn't before he becomes leader, campaigning in the Gaspé or downtown Montreal, he often turned up at red soles, a brown suit and white tie, or some equally gauche ensemble. Clothes were irrelevant to him — likewise sports the arts, science. Bourassa always knew what he liked, he liked politics. The man would have been trying to be a Renaissance man. Ask him to tape the Abolitionist's quarterly book and he will happily do so. But ask him for the results of a specific Gallup Poll on voting trends and he will quote it verbatim. His is a sagaciously political mind.

And so his transformation from an awkward, poorly dressed campaigner to an always tidy, color-coordinated premier has been — like everything he does — politically motivated. Designed not so much to please him as the best available light but to widen the gulf between him and the mass electorate in Quebec. Where Quebecers lead René Lévesque where dross drags an act of studied

slapdash. The wait in Bourassa's anteroom just of the entrance, and he would no more address an audience without a than the Tories would wear tuxedos in

Jerry Park. Marty helps the Premier change his shirt, one of half a dozen such changes he makes every day. Bourassa wears heavily and left advisors long ago decided that publically vented with a different lack of it suggested nervousness, fear — at best a lack of confidence — the most absolute of the image they wanted to describe that of the official cosmopolitan and above all calm administrator. So to shore up that image, there are costume changes on the Premier's agenda, before and after most public performances.

Freshly garbed, Bourassa crosses by underground tunnel to the Quebec government's building "I" from a room known as "the florist" because of the tight security that surrounds it. Visitors to the complex are announced by telephone from the foyer. To gain access to the Premier's third-floor office you must pass through double doors of thick wood, which open and lock as the flick of a remote switch. Another set of doors

leads from his office — entered by the same oak desk Maurice Duplessis used — to his second Quebec City apartment, a modest, two-bedroom affair, this house thick, while they snoring and those television sets.

The Premier does not like this apartment: the air is dense, the windows do not open for nearly sleep here. But his office for telephonic and television work is a no-nonsense. A special cable system was installed to permit him to receive the news from Montreal. He watches nightly, anxious to see how he has been treated. There is a number television set in his office and two additional sets in the office of Charles Dugas, his press secretary and adviser, they are set side by side for simultaneous viewing of separate newscasts and are connected to video tape equipment which records the scenes of news that is seen.

Bourassa is a strong believer in television because — unlike the daily press which he reads thoroughly but occasionally skims — it delivers his message as he wishes. He can appear before the cameras at noon and at 6 p.m. and still reach the audience that night, virtually instant — a much larger audience than any he could reach via the newspapers. Television thus confers what Bourassa desperately wants: credibility. The viewer hears the Premier's reasonable voice, sees the Premier's well-groomed, intelligent face and thinks rarely this man is honest.

His appearances are strategically scheduled to take advantage of desirable viewing circumstances just enough time to get that film developed and on the air. But not enough for selective editing, a process that can enhance the most brilliant scene to appear in a matter of seconds. His juggling of newspapers, television and equally adept. One Friday morning he told a reporter: "Why should I make a statement now? It's only got into the afternoon papers which nobody reads because they're too busy. I'll make the statement this afternoon, so a well get into the Saturday papers, which are well read." Sometimes he will accept a journalist in the hall and "plant" a story, confiding: "We must do something about nuclear."

It is a clever tactic. "When you dismiss someone to your enemy," says former Bourassa aide Claude Morin, now a member of the Parti Québécois, "you're on his hands. Claude Ryan (journalist of Le Devoir) can't be too stupid if the Premier is always on the phone to him."

The Premier doesn't now have a corridor flanked with original Quebec antiques, 16th-century pine armchairs and a broken He is finally reading. A replica of that noble house in every office, a photograph of Bourassa, seated at a desk, is placed. Five years ago, Le Monde

magazine photographed the Premier for a cover story using a 100mm lens to exaggerate his angular features. Charles Dugas had recognized the exact angle of the offending photograph appeared and contains against repetition of this sin. Said Dugas, the great but shrewd architect of Bourassa's image, "It made him look like a refugee from Bangladesh."

There are no official photographs of Bourassa's profile: not only through him without his glasses, except for one that hangs in the hallway at Collège de Jean Berthel, the Montreal private school where Bourassa took a B.A. It is his 1951 portrait that is used in the press. He must look twice in check if it is the same man. His face is much fuller then, penitent, almost plump.

Now the Premier enters his office and proceeds directly to the telephone. No other statement is to be made in his waiting life. The telephone in his manner, keeping him in touch with the far corners of his empire, probing the mood of distant voters, old friends still opponents, losing his touch. When he signs away for a quiet vacation to Florida or Virginia, his telephone goes with him. There are telephones at the airport in his home, his limousine, his bedroom, his 45-foot yacht, docked in Sorel. When he is in Montreal, a private line is hooked up beside his chair, and a subordinate brings him the numbers of Justice Minister Jerome Choquette and other important cabinet members. Politicians lose touch at their own risk, and losing touch, even for an evening, is one risk Bourassa will not take. During his cabinet session in France a few years ago, the Premier phoned every night to Quebec City, and arranged for daily delivery of Quebec newspapers. One day they arrived just as the Premier, his wife and a small party were leaving one but supper on an exclusive Paris café. Bourassa stopped the outing, stepped in his hotel suite and read the papers.

At 10 o'clock, the Premier follows his minister to the roof of the "Baldwin," where a waiting helicopter waits him to a waiting jet for a trip to Montreal. The 30 minute flight is in most respects routine, yet in another context it covers a great deal more territory than this mere 150 miles from St. Foy in Dorval. From the window of his plane, Bourassa sees the vast Marine Industries complex at Sorel, on the south shore, where his father-in-law, the late Joseph Edmond Bourassa, made midland building, ship and steel for the federal government during World War II, a venture that in January, 1973, helped propel his 36-year-old son-in-law into the leadership of the Quebec Liberal Party and set many months later, into the premier's chair.

It was a heavy triumph, especially for a first-looking former federal tax con-

sultant and law professor who had been in active politics only four years and who, in 1967, had come within a whisker of signing the Separatist Manifesto of a Liberal Party splinter group which included René Lévesque.

"Bourassa gave two reasons for not signing the Manifesto," recalls Claude Morin. "He didn't agree with our plan to establish a Quebec currency, which was far enough. And he felt his father lay with the Liberal Party. I wonder which was more important."

Bourassa was right, of course. His father did lie with the Liberals. Three years later, he defeated René Lévesque and Claude Wapart for the leadership and, campaigning on a platform of "credible federalism," decisively dumped Jean-Jacques Bertrand's Union Nationale government out of office, saving 12 seats. He inspired everyone again by sweeping 162 seats in the 1973 landslide election.

But that had been a decisive victory not only because the Parti Québécois had captured 36% of the popular vote (6% more than in 1970) but because it had led to complacency within his own ranks. And out of that complacency his

— toward a seemingly endless series of embassies, the Pénitencier after the crisis probe, nation's intelligence.

A symbol of that complacency is below him now in Montreal's Masson-Benoit Park, where, and rows of slain soldiers, the ghostly presence of the 1965 Olympic Summer Games is taking shape. Recent wildcat strikes have stifled progress at the site and there has been talk of moving the games to Mexico City. Bourassa himself has said that if he must choose between preserving public order and saving the games he will choose the former. But he is aware that such a decision will have serious repercussions, will erode the confidence of investors such as ITT, Bell Canada, Corp of America and David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank whose Bourassa has courted ardently since taking office.

If the stakes continue to rise, more than the Olympic Games will suffer. Books will begin to call their notes. Other projects will collapse. Unemployment will rise. And Robert Bourassa's political life will be in jeopardy. It is an uneasy scenario.

Liberal advisors admit that pressure from investors to clean up the mess

Every day without fail he swims 20 laps at a public pool. According to insiders, it is one of his few nonpolitical strokes.



caused the calling of last year's Royal Commission of Inquiry into Union Freedom. But even under pressure the chief didn't forget his sceptics. He named three political opponents to sit on the commission: former provincial NDP leader, Judge Robert Clacher, Conservative lawyer Boris Matheson and PQ activist Guy Chevrette — then guaranteeing that if the commission produced a report critical of his administration he could say "Well, what did you expect? These men, after all, are hardly Liberals" (On the other hand, because the inquiry focused criticism on the unions and — by comparison — elevated a mild critic to the Liberals, Bourassa could say "You see, we must be clean. Even my enemies can't find a speck of dirt.")

That kind of strategic anticipation has made Robert Bourassa's grip of power in Quebec remarkably secure — despite the scandals, despite the journalists' snorts. There are one or two ministers who wouldn't mind a shot at the head-scrub — Jerome Choquette for one, and Finance Minister Raymond Gauthier for another — but both seem prepared to observe the sacrosanct of political discretion.

In his habitual suit, Bourassa relaxes on the sun deck of the Bunker. His tan, he says, upsets the opposition.



tion. Certainly the PQ has made gains in the government's expense, and certainly another scandal of *Façoque* proportions would constitute a crippling blow to Bourassa's credibility. But the Premier's talent for seeing the offender has effectively thwarted his opponents.

Acting quickly on the recommendations of the Clacher report, he placed four troublemaker QFL unions under government trusteeship and appointed Yves Ryan — a populist, respected mayor of a Montreal suburb — to head the trustees' Secretariat. For the Premier. After the *Façoque* scandal, Bourassa introduced a conflict of interest legislation for cabinet members making it virtually impossible for their private companies to do business with the state. Score two for the Premier. Knowing that if he fights with Trudeau over constitutional rights and loses the Parti Quebecois will say he has failed Quebec, Bourassa wisely avoids any major confrontations if he does not fight, he cannot lose. Score three.

Bourassa's approach is an honest effort to win no-lose politics. Once a week, he dines with four or five Liberal backbenchers, wending out the roots of frustration. All legislation presented to cabinet is cleared first by the Premier and the minister responsible, eliminating the threat of surprise. Apart from Minister Without Portfolio Fernand Labadie, with whom he went to law school, the Premier's friends are outside the cabinet. He can't be caught in the wrong faction if he doesn't believe in it.

The image of the underestimating, clever, popularly successful in disguise Robert Bourassa is a bona fide political asset, clever, resourceful, cunning, as well versed in the arcane rituals of the capital as any Quebec journalist, even Duplaine. "I don't know if he knows how to skate," a Quebec City cab driver told me, "but he sure knows how to skate around."

He takes behind-the-scenes the way other leaders would lead his team, conducts a Quebec journalist. "He is not," confirms Paul Desrosiers, privately, "a soft man."

Now, making no dozen and Desrosiers the jet swings over the Premier's own riding of Montreal. He still speaks one day a week. Bourassa once said something in common with those lower middle class people he was born here, in the north end of Montreal, the only son of Aubert and Adrienne Bourassa.

The family was financially comfortable, but hardly. Bourassa dreamed of earning pocket money. His father, a federal railroad board employee, died when Bourassa was 16, leaving him with his mother and two older sisters — a student, independent live-in-aunt, closely protected. He had an odd, austere existence, bringing around himself a crowd of baseball fans, a preference that would later stand him in good stead in Quebec, where he took an MA in 1959 and Harvard, where he earned his Master of Laws in 1960. Father Lucien Thibodeau, sector of Montreal during Bourassa's years there, recalls him as "serious, scholarly, a brilliant student. He edited the school newspaper and spoke — successfully — for the Rhodes Scholarship." Later, Bourassa studied law at the University of Montreal, was president of his class, active in the student Liberal organization and graduated with distinction. "Even then," says friend Jules Dacheux, now a Montreal energy lawyer, "it was clear he was grooming himself for a political career."

Serious, reserved, a lover of books Bourassa's life is not exactly rich in anecdote. Outside of politics his only interest is swimming, a rigorous but inessential exercise for his health due to any love of the sport. He swims 20 lengths every day, usually in a public pool, the bodyguard looks on.

The Premier's idea of legitimate entertainment is to curl up for the night reading John Kenneth Galbraith. Recently he has been devouring Jean

Louis. Service Set — he, best-seller *The Power To Delude*. It comes down to another, drinks, mostly whisky, mostly One subordinate says he has never seen him angry. Large orators and dirty jokes make him uncomfortable. Running from the 1971 Veterans' Convention Conference, Claude Morin held up a *Playboy* on the plane and remarked "This is better than the whole dinner conference." Bourassa didn't laugh, it wasn't his kind of humor.

For all that sobriety, he is positively well liked even by his critics. In Quebec, explains Morin, it is possible to attack a man in the afternoon and drink with him in the evening. "It's just business, nothing personal."

That night he ate, went for dinner at a private room at a club, Montreal restaurant. While an advance man sets up the telephone, it sits on a shelf with Charles Dene, wearing the Premier's arrival. Dene is not happy with recent coverage of the election. They are conspiring a trip to Toronto to meet newspaper editors. "You know," he says, "he works 18 hours a day. Surely he is doing something right."

Bourassa comes in wearing a grey three-piece suit and — he has changed since the election — his trousers fit his pocket and vest immaculately. He looks healthy, relaxed, well-tanned. "The PQ do not like it," he says. "I go up to the roof with my telephone and papers and sit in the sun and they think I've been away to Florida."

Our conversation begins wildly, but there are no secrets revealed. Bourassa is clearly on, his lens returned. "I defy anyone to prove one case of corruption in my government."

"Didn't your senior advisor, Paul Desrosiers, own shares in a company with a controlling interest in Fluor Dupont, in which Quebec Hydro will own two million dollars a year in office space?"

"Yes, he owned 2% — two and a half percent. And Quebec Hydro has to rent space somewhere, doesn't it?"

"Didn't Desrosiers meet with René Morin to secretly negotiate a hiring monopoly for the QFL at James Bay, and didn't the QFL provide group insurance for the Liberals during the last election?"

"Listen, we were trying to find a way to preserve public order, to stop the strikes, to prevent those headlines from threatening the whole James Bay project."

Of course there were QFL members who supported us, but why don't you ask René Lévesque about the groom who hung around his campaign headquarters and attended his wedding. Ask him."

"Your wife and two brothers-in-law owned 75% of Paragon Business Equip-

ment in government contracts."

Bourassa puts his lips together and gives a Galt smile. "Paragon had to pass very tough tests to win those contracts. You know, everyone is looking for a Quebec *Wang*. It is ridiculous. The *Kennedys* are a kept family. Should I know everything my wife's third cousin is doing? Why don't they ask about how five managed not to make taxes in five years? Why don't they mention the 300,000 new jobs? They say I am selling our resources to the Americans. But who else will develop them? Quebec's birth rate during the last war was the highest in Canada and until the 1980s we would need jobs. Who is going to provide them?"

"And yet you've been criticized in four-page columns."

"Only one was on the front page."

"Okay, but by Roger Lemelin."

"But *La Presse*, you know, is owned by Power Corporation and Paul Desrosiers, and he wanted to keep part of Antiquaire behind and I refused."

Tell me, is the water in Ontario?"

The answer, recognizing the party line, are almost predictable and yet in the evening drink out I find myself lik-

ing Bourassa, enjoying the way he plays his game, shoots off an incredibly pointed response, answers a devious question, my questions. It is an arduous performance — described the next day by Charles Dene in a "Smart discussion."

Earlier this year, concerned that Bourassa's repeated loss you would could federal support in the province, the Liberals in Ottawa started making threatening noises. Transport Minister Jean Marchand spoke of a political road in Quebec. Commissioner Adrien Meunier André Ouellet buster — again — that he might be persuaded to run for the provincial leadership. And Pierre Trudeau himself told students in Montreal that if they didn't like Bourassa's controversial Bill 22, which obviously embraced the French language, then they could simply start a new government.

"They want your head," a Montreal reporter told Bourassa. "They're coming to get you."

Bourassa laughed. "Let 'em come, let 'em come."

How the laugh of a man who does not seem to get gently into that dark night of political oblivion. If he just says "all."

The telephone is his antenna, keeping him in touch with his empire. Phones are installed everywhere he travels.







Even the experts acknowledge doubt about how the construction of dams will affect the tides of Fundy. And environmentalists are worried that harnessing the bay's tidal power would threaten migration patterns for millions of birds traveling south.

it is a group-called Tidal Power Consultants Limited with offices in Montreal's Place Bonaventure. It consists of four companies: Montreal Engineering Company Limited, Harns Engineering, The Shearman Engineering Company Limited, and the British firm, Engineering and Power Development Consultants. During the Fundy study of the late Sixties, Tidal Power Consultants (thru) is, officers believed with people and activity. After that study terminated in 1969, the group did some work for Rottnishield, but generally fell silent.

This does not mean that the technological side of tidal power production has been inactive during that time. TPC president George Tardif told me that the word "hibernating" but says his group has been having "professional technical discussions" with the federal, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick governments. Tardif's hope is that his officers will soon butt with activity again. The aim of the companies represented by Tidal Power Consultants, he said, is to participate both in the upcoming studies, and then again in the construction phase itself.

Other companies such as Acme Ltd. of Toronto, which participated in Churchill Falls in a big way, and Foundation Engineering of Vancouver are also interested. Plus a host of smaller companies and contractors. Representatives of variously the entire industry made an appearance at a world-scale conference on oceanography, called Ocean '74, in Halifax a year ago, arguing that without a doubt tidal power's time has come. Arguments about whether it is competitive with oil or nat-

ural power they did not give way to a more sophisticated picture in which a tidal power is integrated with these other forms, particularly as they exist in the northeastern U.S.

It was clear from the documents that emerged from that conference, as well as from conversations I have had with the various interests involved in tidal power that the engineers in their enthusiasm show an enormous propensity to concentrate on the problems they see as technologically solvable and increasing, such as the re-siting question, and much less on the problems that may be insoluble.

The first of these problems involves the behavior of the tides themselves. Since the prime condition for the magnitude of the tides is the shape of the bay, how will the tides be affected when dams change that shape? The best oceanographer can do is say that maybe the tides will diminish — or maybe they will increase. Most admit no amount of research will give a sure answer.

One fear is that placing dams at the point of peak force of the tides will push that point of peak force back out toward the sea. "It would be a costly mistake to build the system only to find that the presence of the dams diminished the tidal wave to the point where the energy means no longer justified the investment," says a recent paper on the subject by the National Research Council. Another theory says the tides would rise even higher and increase tidal height is far down the coast as Boston.

Dr. C. J. R. Garrett of the Dalhousie University department of oceanography believes there is no way the effect of

dams on the extremely complicated behavior of the tides can ever be accurately predicted. Unfortunately, predictions will have to rest on faith in model mock-ups and computer simulations.

The tidal power proponents do acknowledge the problems of tidal behavior, although they don't see it as an obstacle, but there is a related problem of potentially grave proportions that was not mentioned at all at that Ottawa '74 conference, and is rarely mentioned above a whisper elsewhere. The problem is mud.

The movements of sediments in the domestic ocean are as violent as the tides themselves, and their possible effects on turbines and the siting of up structures have been little more than guessed at. There have been a few eye-opening insights into the potential of the muds on a small scale, however. In 1969 a small craneship was built across the Petitcodiac river at Moncton. Since then mud has backed up and confined the channel for downstream with the effect that the famous Tidal Bore, which used to peak at Moncton, now peaks three or four miles downstream, and sedimentation is still taking place.

Or consider what happened at Windsor, N.S. in 1973, after a craneship was built across the Annapolis river estuary. Instead of sediment building up along the sluiceway, as predicted by the experts, the tides scooped the sluiceway area clean, creating floors of erosion, and deposited more than 30 feet of sediment away from the sluiceway toward the middle of the estuary. Federal government geologists linked to the dead-end Institute of Oceanography in Dur-



But tidal power also promises economic prospects for the chronically disadvantaged Maritimes, so the politicians and businessmen have started a new headache, with a three-million-dollar feasibility study for an eight-mile Minas Basin dam.

month who started looking at the sediment problem in relation to the project when it became obvious to one eye was going to point out that the sediment tends to gather behind sluiceways — shoals, headlands, capes, and so on. And in some likely behind tidal dams.

There is also ecology. The Bay of Fundy has barely been explored, even by environmentalists. Bird biologists at Acadia University at Wolfville, N.S. believe the bay and particularly Minas Basin (which is the richest site for the first dam), may be the key link in the migratory chain on the eastern part of the Western Hemisphere for millions of birds moving yearly from the Arctic Ocean to Latin America. A former anthropologist, John Kearney, doing a study on shore birds in one day estimated 20,000 were perched sandpipers on a one-mile stretch of Evangeline Beach. That's only one of a dozen kinds of sandpipers that migrate through, and sandpipers in turn are only one of dozens of species of shore birds. All these birds feed on the vast mud and sand flats that are exposed at low tide and that the swirling water kept replenished with nutrients. Kearney says some birds double their weight in fat in a short stay of a few days in the basin. The possibility of those late dispersing behind tidal dams could thus have far-reaching effects on bird life.

Stewart Hukney, a biologist at Acadia, sees Fundy power as a project sponsored by "engineers on the rampage." For him the only justification is that "if it can be done then it should be done."

But apart from these questions, there

is the possibility of other major problems which have not even been imagined. Who would have thought, for instance, that the reservoir of the Annapolis High Dam might never fill because no one figured on the evaporation rate and the porosity of the soft down rock stratum? Or that it would cost as much as the dam is worth within a few years just for farmers to replace the lost soil in the flatlands below this dam? Or that Pictou's Miagha Dam would cause such an increase in the salinity of the north that its original project almost as costly as the dam itself would have to be revisited to solve a huge portion of the country's agriculture? Wouldn't an engineer have laughed at the suggestion that pink waterweed would proliferate in the inflow waters to the point of causing river clogging and clogging to farms at Tracadie's Unibonnet, Lewis, Zumb's Kurbs, the Bony Coast's Kowak, Glens, Akashtio — all built with the know-how of foreign engineers?

There is no president for Fundy tidal power. Its proponents take majority of the plumes of the tidal project in La Rance, France, as the stage of what Fundy would be. La Rance is indeed a quiet little dam of a couple of hundred megawatts, that has not disturbed the countryside very much. But like a Roman project at Kinlaya Gorge on the Barents Sea north of Murmansk, it is a more prototype which has about as much relation to Fundy as a deer has to a veterinarian.

The last studies of Fundy power are rather those age-old dreams of the Third World that were supposed to bring prosperity but didn't. And if there is a

call growing among the tides of Fundy, it is the call of gigantism itself in which short size is seen as being able to overcome any possible objection.

Why, for example, couldn't the many talents of Fundy be developed for small capacity power production to serve only the Maritimes' energy needs? Although some small prototype dams are being considered, the engineers don't want small capacity development, the politicians and the fishermen don't want it. They all want the whole thing. An eight-mile dam across the Minas Basin to start with and the rest later.

Decisions to go ahead with major projects of unforeseen consequence are generally taken away from the public eye and long before the public is aware of what is happening. In fact the financial, technological and political reasons often become irretrievable long before a formal decision is even made. Studies ostensibly aimed at giving an "objective" and "scientific" assessment of such projects generally only add to the confusion.

Since no significant opposition is likely to materialize in the Maritimes itself, the questioning of the environment will have to originate largely in central Canada. That will be denounced as capital Upper Canadian heavy-handedness by the Fundy promoters — spilled over as a Toronto plot to deny Maritimes a share of prosperity — but the "prosperity" that such projects bring rarely lives up to the Chamber of Commerce hype. And a project of this magnitude, especially one designed primarily for energy export, cannot have no implications for all Canadians. ☐

# THE MILLIONAIRESS

Learning to live a hamburger life on a Chateaubriand budget

By BETTY JANE WYLIE

Fairy tales still come true today: in the form of lottery. Cinderella gets the prize, not because she has ostentatiously curly hair or vivacious lips or a brown belt, but this anybody else—all she has to have is the right combination of numbers. And then what happens? Does she live happily ever after? Case in point: Audrey Robb, of Hamilton, Ontario, who won a million dollars last year in one of the Olympic draws.

"Come on up! I'm doing for a cup of coffee!" she said when I arrived at her home to talk about her new fortune. She led me into her large bright kitchen where we sat on folding chairs at a borrowed kitchen table—she's waiting for a custom-made beautiful table to be delivered. Cheryl, her sister, who has lost 30 pounds since last fall, pointing that only the rich can afford to lose weight these days), she has short dark hair, no kohl-rimmed eyes and beautiful doe eyes. Her mouth curls by being shy and ends up in a wide smile. She has a lot to smile about.

We settled down to talk about what it's like to win a million dollars. For one thing, according to Audrey, it's a nuisance. Money may buy a lot of things but it doesn't buy privacy, not without some effort. Audrey Robb was an obscure \$133-a-week teletype operator at the Westinghouse plant in Hamilton when she bought her winning ticket from maintenance man Sid Redburn. Dave McInnes, the office mail clerk, let ladies go first and she picked the ticket with the number next to her. She was convinced she was going to win. Fifteen hours, she needed the money. Four days before the draw, the late walked into the second time) on her marriage of 21 years and moved into a one-bedroom apartment with her 10-year-old daughter Lynne. It had taken her almost two years to save enough to buy a \$1,000 bond as backup. She had \$654 in her savings account and a friendly neighbor in the apartment building—a

man she had known at work for several years—who came and hung her pictures, hooked up her TV set (a 12 inch portable), took her out to dinner and asked her to marry him two days before she won the money. It's a good thing too, otherwise she might have thought he was after it.

D- (for Draw) Day was Monday, November 18, 1974. The instant the news broke everyone began beating a path to Audrey's door for pictures, stories and handouts. She bobbed a lot that night to reporters until about four in the morning. At 4 a.m. she pulled herself out of the sleeping bag on the short couch she was sleeping on and went to work. That is, she tried to work. A few weeks earlier she had asked for a raise. Fritz Fetzl, head of communications services, was the first to call that morning to tell her the raise had gone through—seven dollars a week. He wasn't the only caller. Reporters from all the major newspapers in the country were on the line trying to talk to the new millionairess. There was a similar fiasco struck out back at her apartment. Was a million like your privacy?

Wally Hall, assistant manager of office services at the plant, came and told Audrey he was going to take her away from all this. He helped her collect her mother and daughter and took them to the airport where it seems Nasden had anticipated them by providing complimentary airline to Montreal. Audrey Robb flew off to pick up her money and her new life that morning without so much as a toothbrush.

At the Holiday Inn in Montreal, Jean Côté, vice-president of the lottery commission, accepted her winning ticket and cashed a personal cheque for her so she could get some clothes for herself, her daughter and her mother. After lunch in the room—she had a hamburger, her first meal as a millionairess—they went shopping: a change of clothing and underwear for each of them

nighties and housewreath toothbrush and toiletries. She found a \$35 coat with a spot on the sleeve marked down to \$10 and had the best dinner fit for her. And she bought a suitcase to carry the new clothes back to Hamilton.

She didn't have to worry about the hotel accommodations. It was on the lottery Audrey told reporters the night she won that she didn't want to spend a million because then she wouldn't have a million dollars anymore. Once you start spending money it's hard to stop. Actually, it took her a while to start.

Winning Olympic Lottery tickets are subjected to a triple test to make sure they are valid. Audrey's passed the test. A press conference was held, during which she was photographed in a moving horde. That's the last she saw of it. "They take it right back off of you," she says.

A representative of the bank she dealt with back home in Hamilton walked in early and paid her a 30-day note of 107. From now on she was going to be living on interest. At the end of the first 30 days the money was paid into another 30-day note until she had her bearings. In all, the 60-day interest totaled more than \$15,000—one to leave while you're thinking. The bank gave her money as she needed it, and she did need it. Before Christmas she bought herself an Oldsobile Cutlass and the girl her oldest daughter, Lynne, a Vega for a Christmas present. She gave her '87 chunker of a station wagon to the mail clerk Dave McInnes, who has died one morning.)

By the time Audrey Robb arrived back in Hamilton, Bill Canale had given her an unlisted telephone number, as requested, and the news media had gone on to other things. A week after she won her million, she was back at work with her seven dollars-a-week raise. She

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PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN WILSON

but only been able to afford to take his 18-year-old Laine with her when she left her husband. Now that the could afford the groceries she was able to welcome her 37-year-old daughter Lynda and her 17-year-old niece Debby who had been living with her mother and her boyfriend. Her son Jimmy, 21, stayed with his father Ed Robb in Stony Creek. The two older girls slept on the single bed she had bought for Laine while Laine went to her rooming. Audrey wanted to sleep on her delivery bag on the floor. "I was so tired and I was scared to go to sleep," she said. "I was afraid of TV dreams." "Blame you ever lived in fry, bacon and eggs in a napkin and turn into a woman with a spoon?" she asks and laughs. She was asking her time looking around, wondering how she was going to spend her last morning.

“Lots of people wanted to help her. The news media may have deflected off her insurance salesman, car dealers, brokers get rich quick schemers, anyone with an angle to turn an ass to grab a coin to sell wares at her with requests for her attention and money.”

The lottery officials had warned her "Don't answer a single piece of mail." She was alarmed. "If you want to give money away, that's your business, but let it be as someone or something you know, certainly, can see with your own eyes." She was avoided mail letters. She had gained along with the money a public identity. The addresses on her letters scolded it. From the Philippines: Audrey Robb, Westinghouse Canada. Typical from all of Canada: Mrs. Audrey Robb, Hamilton Place, Pier Officer Lewis. Address the post office did. So did Wed. The mail room was kept very forwarding. Audrey's mail

The rewards ranged from the consolation of the touching, Airy widow's womanly wail to Audrey to send her to Florida for the winner, a would-be phidolophore, second wanted her to send him \$100,000 to open an orphanage in India, a mother requested a TV set "to keep the kids out of the neighbor's house," a concerned young man wanted \$10,000 to reopen an aqueduct because he was convinced his stepmother had murdered his father. Someone sent her his CHOP ball and she wanted her to pay it. She had four proposals of marriage but she had already accepted the one she had just before she became a nun.

Audrey doesn't want to discuss her

depending divorce. Harco's husband Ed Robb won't say anything either. At first he harried himself from reporters, but he finally agreed to make a statement if they left him alone after that. His statement made headlines: "I love my wife and want her back," he said, claiming that he phoned her the evening of the drive, to beg her to reconsider and return to him.

"Not so," says Audrey. "he wanted to know why I had taken the 12-inch TV which I had read for."

A typical glass came from Yugoslavia

and in stilted English told a life story because of "heart-suffering" the writer needed help from Audley right away. "I am turning you with a beautiful request," he wrote. "If you can help me with some dollars by buying my week-end house . . . I am really afraid of intruding upon your goodness. But — request — will a son?"

And she has continued her charitable efforts to ensure that she knows to be legitimate. She told me something of what she has already done and is doing and requested that I keep it to myself. "There as J&J, don't get" Audrey explained. "The ones that I can see need it, I help. No one has to know."

At the end of 66 days, Audrey Roth knew what she was going to do. The money was turned over to a trust company and though she has no precise fig-

ances on what it's earning for her, she is unsure. When I pressed for an estimate of her income, she said "You have to remember I spent some. It isn't a million any more." Allowing for the depletion of capital and taking the average on the savings interest rate the money is invested at, and with the help of my boyfriend who is better at arithmetic than I am, we came to the conclusion

that her income is about \$50,000 a year. She has obviously let the trust company put her money on sale the safest of in-

downstairs because the claim she's getting on her salary is actually high. She gets an allowance of \$3,000 a month but with her chequing account and it seems to suffice for most of her expenditures, except the major one in January. She bought a nice room, split-level house with a pool and change house on five acres outside of Hamilton (cash down, no monthly payments), quit her job and went to Manotop for a quick holiday before she moved, telling no one except trusted friends and the train company where she was now.

For the first time in her life Audrey Robb has charge cards. She had a little trouble with one department store. The credit manager wanted to know her husband's position and requested his permission for her to be a card carrier. She wrote back that she was separated and unemployed and the store didn't like that at all. She told them to check with her bank. She got her card.

gymnast, Dr. Thomas Malina, has come up with a scale of points that he calls life-chance units, to score the rankings of events that change one's life. Death of a man is highest on the scale at 100 points. Divorce or separation counts for 75, change in financial status 38, change of residence 35, and so on. The idea is that if you rack up a score of 200 or more within a single 12-month period, you'd better out, because you would be in for serious trouble. A major disaster could turn out to be major, a slight distraction while driving might turn into a serious collision, a litigious call could be terminal. I did a quick score on Andrew Robb. As near as I can figure,

Since moving into her new home in February, Audrey has really taken cover. Finding her was hard enough, summoning her to let Machine 1 do a piece on her was something else. She wants to be left alone to live a pri-

nate life. Very private. Even after she fully agreed to talk to me, she took precautions. When I arrived on the agreed day of the interview, I was presented with a three-page document to sign ordering me not to dwell on her private life or reveal her whereabouts. No signature, no interview. She's a very organized and discerning lady.

But she's not upright! We sat and drank coffee and talked for six hours. I was glazy-eyed and exhausted by the time we were done but she was fit, relaxed and happy. "Does money buy happiness?" I asked her.

"No, but it helps a lot," Audrey said. "I was happy in my apartment once I was on my own. Even those few days when I didn't know whether or not I was going to make it, I was happy and peaceful. Jim [her boyfriend] and the lottery [in that order] were perfect items."

After she finishes getting the house into shape, after her divorce is final, after she marries again in the fall and goes on a honeymoon to Japan, she's looking forward to what she calls a "normal life."

What's a normal life? For Audrey Robb, it's very simple. Her dreams are a lot less complicated than those of the people I know. Right now she's saving dimes to buy a mink coat. "You don't go out and buy a fur coat," she explained.

That's something you see for most of the people I know are very talented at spending money. The problem is, looking at money. Actually, it takes a lot of ingenuity to spend money. It's also time consuming and hard work. Audrey Roth could take lessons from the people who are successful. Audrey has "no time to run" so she doesn't buy books. She has two narrow, one in a unit, and one in components, but is not particularly interested in them. She has a lot of things like that. She doesn't have a television set, a 12-inch portable on which she watched her lottery ticket drawn, and a new color set. She has a large upright freezer which she uses to save money on a "frozen place" to fill with the baking of a dinner.

She cleans her own house, with the help of Laurie and Delly (Laurie, now 21, has gone north to get a job.) She had her first party in the new house in April, which she called a "Westinghouse Openhouse," for some 30 people from the marketing division, and was planning another one for the mad kids on

typical operators. The party's sign, still in the house all noon the day before the party and she was unpacking cups and crockery, so she bought all the food at the Kitchener market: cold cuts, cheese, bread, puddies, and Minnie's baking. She plans to do more cooking for the next one herself.

She spends less on clothes than I do and I don't spend much. When she won the lottery she owned five, perhaps one for each day of the week and two dresses all homemade. The four-piece suite she bought in Montreal must

short-sleeved jacket, shirt and pants. Home.com still at Eaton's bargain basement. She has two long jeans now: a \$35 cream job with a short-point jacket which she bought to wear on the CFTDTV show *Weekend Horrors*, and a \$40 jade-green number with a "horrific" collar— which she bought to wear to Quebec City for the February Olympic draw (she paid her own way there). She has never gone into an exclusive dress shop. She gets her hair cut at a Hamilton hairdresser's every six or eight weeks, and cuts it herself.

**Jewelry?** Of sentimental value only more precious to her than a pearl of wisdom.

great piece. She wears a little gold friendship ring and a diamond engagement ring, a present from her husband-to-be, and she has a jade necklace and earring set he gave her for Christmas.

them at home. She goes out to dinner with her family on special occasions such as birthdays, usually to the Golden Star in Hankow where she orders steak or roast. Her favorite meal is a Bhutan's hamburger. She doesn't drink

bunks been smelly like "water a kumburyak's socks have been boiled in" and wasn't touch it. The gang at work had a surprise party for her when she left Woonahouse and tossed her in champagne. She had a up and didn't know who drink the rest of her glass. When she's out on the town she orders a drink called a Shirley Temple coke, cherry juice, a martini too cherry and a slice of orange, on the rocks.

But the doctor likes to travel and wants to do a lot more of it. She went to Europe in January, New Orleans in the spring, Europe in the summer, and is planning to go to Japan this fall. Someone should tell the airline that they should stock up on cherry sauce.

She has a Shirley Temple doll in her bedroom, a new one eyed a gift for her Christmas. She has a Shirley Temple scrapbook she started keeping in 1945 (you can't take that stored now in the suitcase she bought in Montreal so bring home her Cinderella clothes. She may seem unbelievable.

It's possible the green of her ancestry has rubbed off on some of her former neighbors. Of the ones I spoke to, two refused to discuss her "preference not to take sides." One said that her opinion was "nobody's business but my own," which made it very clear what her opinion was. The other said, "The less I have to do with her the better." I asked if she thought that Audrey Robb had changed. "No, the *hara's* changed" was the green words.

Another neighbor, who hasn't seen Audrey since her wedding, said "I can see why I haven't heard from her. If I was a million, Heaven knows where my head would be!"

# RETIRE EARLY

Having found enough of one good thing, try another

BY ALBERT E. MOORMAN

I am a university dropout.

During my sixteen years I resigned from a position of some responsibility at a private university.

At that time I was a professor and acting head of a department with compensation of about \$300,000 in salary coming to me during the next five years. In resigning at 60 instead of 65 I saved good-bye to the salary as well as to a substantially increased monthly retirement annuity. The main reason that I resigned was that my work was getting me down and I no longer had just far it. My job had become a drag instead of an interesting challenge, and I am sure my students suffered from that change. I did not want to end my university, and please to hang onto a job to which I could no longer give my best.

During my last year at the university my wife and I lived in a modern high-rise apartment, nearby walking distance of my office and of the major stores in the center of a city of half-a-million people. We now live in a 16-foot-by-26-foot house set in a beautiful clearing in six acres of South in south-central British Columbia. We have returned to water in the house, by choice. We heat with a wood-burning Franklin stove, and cut the wood for ourselves. We have electricity and a telephone but no television again by choice. And we have been happier during the past two years here than at any time I can recall.

I have lived many months in a variety of circumstances with my eyes open to conditions and trends to have developed a very sharp mind, and, as the GDS woodchipping "program" One can have too much of a good thing. I am convinced that technology is just such a good thing, and that mankind is no longer in command of it. My wife and I worked in and out of it, and could live in a way that used some modern technology but not too much. We wanted to explore possible ways by which like-minded people might grapple with the problems of energy use and pollution. We wanted to remain earth loving, but stop with the sale of "techniques." We also wanted to get out of the city which we both consider to be an environmental snarl for human beings.

In the spring of 1975 we had a small house erected on a clearing in our six

acres. We lived in a ten-for-five mutually ring weeks before the house was up. We ourselves finished the house inside and out. During the past two years we have added a closed-in back porch, built a combination garage-workhouse—a workshop with an open but roofed work area, erected a metal tool shed and built an outhouse.

The demands of life for us are not much different than they are for other civilized people. We require food, clothing, shelter, water, sanitary arrangements, intellectual stimulation and social contacts. All of these needs are provided here, and in forms that certainly satisfy us.

Consider shelter first. Our small house is well built, well situated — and crowded. We have a bedroom, a kitchen, a living room-dining room, and a bathroom-storage room. "Bloom" rooms are separated by a partition bookcase or a chess of drawers. A blanket we bought in Mexico is the partition between the bedroom and the living room. We have learned where to walk sideways, and thus having more than one person in the kitchen presents a hazard. Hence my wife works the cooking shift and I the dish-washing shift. Advantage to the small unit? It was a relatively inexpensive house to build. The stove burns oil. Hence cleaning is a short job. Overnight visitors either camp or go to a motel, since we have no extra bed. Some old friends who spent a week with us one summer sleep in sleeping bags on a foam mattress next to the woodshed on the back porch and seemed to enjoy it, but they are unusual people. This is a recent area and there is real advantage in our having good accommodations. Ask any of our neighbors at the end of a grassy-wooded summer. We have made it plain to friends that we have plenty of camping space and the real friends whom we welcome will put up with our inconveniences cheerfully.

The energy crisis does not affect our living situation. We could get all of our wood from our own acreage and in fact do get most of it there. We have a generous neighbor who brings us an occasional load of firewood from parading operations. Wood which would

otherwise be burned in the field. We fell our firewood trees with a crosscut saw and cut them into stovewood lengths with it and a bow saw. The large rounds are split with an axe, or a wedge and wedges if necessary. Finally, down most of the work with wedges and I handle the axe. We do not use a chain saw for much the same reason that we do not use a garden tractor or a Rototiller. The machines are expensive, many demand mechanical upgrades to keep them running, and use irreplaceable energy. So for our own muscle power is a replaceable natural resource. Furthermore, we enjoy hard physical labor that employs skill, ingenuity, mechanical coordination and produces visible results. We have time to work at our own pace and have learned that fatigue spurs rest.

The water supply was a real problem for a time. We did not want to pipe water into the house, nor to have a fish toilet. I have stored a lot of time, energy and money working with frozen pipes, flooding basements, leaking toilets, and creaky faucets. Furthermore, frozen water has great fertilizer value, and if handled intelligently is a safe source of plant nutrients.

We had a well drilled near the back door in wet dry in the first summer. That summer we dug a 45-foot well a considerable distance from the house near an old quarry. We had read in a U.S. Army and Air Force well drilling manual that water could be captured within 10 feet of the surface near old quarries. We used a rotary post-hole digger operated by our muscle power. At 16 feet we struck water. Water from this well saved our young orchard trees that summer.

Our present well was drilled 90 feet deep, and supplied us with all the water we needed each of the past two summers even though 1975 was the driest for 70 years. An electric pump sits at the bottom of a free-flowing cement-lined pit. We used to get a hand-operated pump but could not. We are therefore dependent for our water

Albert E. Moorman was an associate professor of botany at the University of Winnipeg.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES CHAMBERLAIN





It takes a special brand of nuttiness to live the way we do in these overly technological times, but for us it works

on the vigors of MC Hyatt, whose power outages have usually been without warning or explanation. The hole for the pump was dug by Evans, noting that last year's pump back was keeping me adversely inactive. The pile of rocks removed from the earth as the dig, ranging in size from big gravel to sea-boulders, shows what we are up against. As soon as the dig is over, we'll be in business.

A regular morning chore for me is filling up live on an one-gallon plastic jug with water as the well seal sends them on the back to. From there they go to the sink-water in needed. Such days require me fill-ups at the well, once in a while. Then we have a calan-type tent set up near the well with the handle end of a long hose leading into it. By the time the water-filled hose has less in the sun 20 or 30 minutes there is enough hot water for a shower.

Water goes through plastic pipes from the bathtub to a day well a few feet from the house. The pipe from the tub and from the nearby sink are heavily insulated for the three or four feet they run above ground. The rest of their course is well under ground. So far we have had no difficulty from freezing.

Our major sanitary facility is the outdoors, or toilet. It is rather fancy with varnished cedar plywood sides, masonry floor, glass-plastic top, and seating arrangement in Chinese red. There is a metal stand with assorted reading material. On some days reading is apt to be slighted, since body heat is the only heat available. Until one has become somewhat accustomed to nature there may be a tendency to encourage constipation. We do have emergency indoor temporary facilities in case of sickness, or cold that is just too draining. Overnight urine is emptied every morning on the current compost pile. Thus we dispose of a natural waste in an odorless fashion and strengthen the compost with nitrogen and other valuable elements.

We have gotten a fair amount of food from our garden and expect the amount to increase as our orchard starts bearing and we learn by experimenting which vegetables produce best. Our garden is behind the house. When the bulldozers cleared the land for the building the topsoil was pushed into a mound rimmed with splintered trees. We are building new hoops to take its place. We have used wood, steel, cane, home and chicken manures — whatever is readily available — and during the growing season we mulch heavily with spoiled hay whose decay also enriches the soil.

We shop in a town 22 miles east

(Solana Area) on our 45 miles west (Karnis) about once every two weeks. By taking advantage of bargains, buying in bulk when that seems advantageous and forgoing or curbing a lot of our own produce we live pretty cheaply but very well gastronomically. No city restaurants could serve anything as delicious as our current cooked with fresh-packed vegetables, or sweet corn that was in the garden 20 minutes ago and broccoli that was keeping a company there.

When we left our city apartment we sold our TV set and did not intend to get another. I am a radio-averse addict. I try to limit the number for Evelyn's sake, but frequently use my belly voice accompanied by my little transistor radio to coincide with a newcast.

We read a great deal especially in winter. Every three weeks the bookmobile comes to the village two miles from us and we exchange 12 to 16 books. When I request books on special subjects the librarians have been very good about getting them for me. We subscribe to a list of books of magazines, ranging from *McGraw-Hill* and the *Atlantic* to *Fantasy* and *Science Fiction* and *Organic Gardening*. I find I need a daily newspaper only infrequently.

We have always been content when the two of us are alone together. We do enjoy friends and have them whenever our much of the world. In our immediate neighborhood we are very lucky to

have neighbors who are fun to be with, helpful when we need help and respectful of our privacy. We are Quakers, and we maintain as many contacts with our fellow-Friends as our isolation allows.

If you have been thinking that we must be pretty sturdy specimens to handle this lifestyle forget it. I am a bald-headed, knobby-kneed, very fat but not much, weighing 150 pounds strapped. My weak lower back calves cramp in sleeping and lifting. I inherited a game left knee from high-school football. Evelyn keeps commenting five to 10 pounds lighter than I and also has a weak back. For the last year scheduled for surgery by a neurosurgeon three years ago but canceled the operation as dangerous at the individual attitude of both hospital and surgeon. I wish the surgeon could see her now swinging a six-pound sledge or pulling on a chain saw. When I arrived here in 1971 came most of the way on a bed in the station wagon, and was taking heavy isolation for back pain. The hard work we have done and enjoyed doing, has improved our physical condition remarkably.

I do not suggest that you follow our example in any way but one. It takes a special brand of nuttiness to live the way we do in these overly technological times. But if you are in your late thirties or early forties, have no financial commitments to children or other family members, and are not tied on the job you have, consider living early. ☺



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# THE LATE

Or, if you can swing it, never

BY JOHN GAULT

**M**y grandfather lived by the paper mill whistle. It waked him in the morning, sent him home for lunch, ended his working day. My grandfather and that whistle had been friends for more than 50 years. Then my grandfather had to retire and though the whistle still blew at its appointed times, it no longer blew for him. He collected two pension cheques, then died. My mother wept he died of retirement. I expect she's right.

Rub lived for his work — he was a master mechanic and he ran the machine shop at the mill — and for his old Buck. But could he do anything to protect her? His work stopped at the time he was 51 seven years before the turn of the century, until 1949. Apparently he'd had a couple of strokes — I don't know, they must have been — but she still had to choose but to picture him off her as 67 or 68 — not what we now consider retirement age — but in those days a healthy man could work as long as he wanted. He took to his bed, though the last of July, and then lay on the afternoon of August 1, just before the stroke that was the end of the working day he said to my mother: "Well it's almost quiet time. He died that evening."

I suppose a lot of good advice was offered him about the things he ought to do with his time. Maybe somebody even suggested him, lucky he was to be free at last of the daily grind, people will working probably expressed envy. But the words would have meant nothing. They were automatic responses, like condolences handed on without wisdom or wisdom. A man who has done important, interesting and satisfying work for 56 years can find little gratification doing things you can only do thanks to stiff legs, from dawn to dusk, of one kind or another. These are only my meek fancies to repair. He does not feel lucky. Maybe he shouldn't have insisted on much of himself at work, maybe work and the workplace and fellow workers should not have been the centre of his universe. But despite the Sixties and the New Consciousness, a lot of us are still held by the work ethic. Work gives us dignity and status and, through remuneration, a choice of pleasures. Take away a man's work and you take away

his reason for being here, his lock-out of the arena, denied to circle it in ever-flowing steps, trying not to peer in but compelled to do so.

Poverty remains the key problem for Canada's old people. More than half of the 65-plus population fall below an artificially low poverty line and it's hard to talk about planning a boy and fulfilling retirement with somebody who may not have the price of a good meal. In the past decade the federal, provincial and even municipal governments of Canada have to their credit, sincerely undertaken programs — supplements, pension plans, job aid, pension payments — the largest item in the federal budget, free medical and drug programs, subsidies to helping agencies, tax credits and so on. There is a long, long way to go, but the will appears to be there. So in the present, from such groups as the National Pensioners and Senior Citizens Federation, and the more militant Pensioners Concerned. Old dogs learned new tricks from the activists of the Sixties. The elderly, thanks to modern medicine, nutrition and the passing of slave labor conditions in industry and agriculture, are now living longer and forming a larger and more powerful voting bloc. A man who reached 65 today has an actual life expectancy of 14 more years, for a woman 17 more years. The old in Canada now form about 8.5% of the population — with only about 15% the self-employed mostly working — and are increasing in number all the time.

**W**hat's happening in effect, is that Canada is growing old, and Canada is not prepared for it. What is to be done with these oldies? Are they to continue to be disadvantaged, to be lined for being old, to be rendered substantially redundant and useless? There has developed a conspiracy against the older worker, imposed by what has become known as "the economic situation." When times get tough and unemployment rises, the work force has to be pared, either the young must be kept from jobs or the old kicked out of them. Otherwise the unemployment figures would be too high for any government to endure. Since the young have a capacity to reas-

sell the more pragmatic solution is to give the old "a chance to enjoy even more of their Golden Years."

The unions also are part of the conspiracy. Full employment is one of their imperatives too and they seem not much concerned about redefining it when age limits. As well, the unions are concerned that their members not be disadvantaged, that they have a chance for promotion and advancement — and a lot of older people in the senior positions solidly entrenched through seniority frustrate that aim. The question remains: should the old be penalized for the ambitions of the young? The answer apparently is yes. In his book *The Final Phase: The Revival Of Our Older Citizens*, Professor Daniel Jay Rosen writes: "Organized labor perhaps should be a powerful ally of the older worker. Yet these unions to be slight chance that centralized labor will be anything other than the enemy of the older worker who wants to remain on the job." His conclusion is in part supported by a submission (introduced by other unions) from the Canadian Union of Public Employees to a 1973 Desautels task force on ageism discrimination. "The goal of the labor movement is an earlier retirement age." Labor is concerned with keeping workers from the dead-ends of assembly-line and other hard, dirty and boring work. This is the rationale. The premise is admissible, but it glosses over some very serious problems.

**F**ew employees are reduced into retirement by the prospect of a new job opening. But in fact the buying power of that pension, in times of double figure inflation disappears very very rapidly (the 1981 dollar is worth from 40 to 60 cents today) and unions have no mandate to bargain for those who have retired (though in some cases they do try, occasionally with moderate success). Second, and at least as important, is the fact that very few people are prepared for what retirement means: the enforced idleness, the long empty days, the diminished self-worth in a society that values work and productivity so highly.

John Gault is an associate editor and a senior writer for *Maclean's*.

## The weather beater.



# United we move

United Van Lines  
United. We move

## Older workers are more careful, steadier, more able to train and teach and counsel

Pre-retirement counselling is certainly being promoted, but how many employees would participate? How many companies or unions would offer? Would it really do much good? Just as there is no real way to prepare for the emotional, financial and social aspects of age, parenthood, neither is there any foolproof formula for retirement. An Ontario study indicates that, at age 54, a majority of men are looking forward to retiring — but the same study finds that only a minority are looking forward to the implications of retirement. In other words, governments and unions are capturing a man's notion that anything would be better than the work he's doing.

The role of the employer in this is less well-defined. Some will try to keep a man in it some capacity, for as long as he wishes to stay. But most employers fix a mandatory retirement age, 60 or 62 or 65, in every province of Canada, says New Brunswick's employer can do what he wants in this regard. That was established in the case of Garvin vs. Bell Canada. Supreme Court of Canada, 1972. In 1977, Bell established a policy that allowed it to retire employees at age 60 if they'd had 20 years service. In 1984 the Office and Professional Employees Union was ordered to represent part of the Bell staff, including L. V. Garvin. A few years later Garvin, aged 61 with 24 years service, was "retired." Garvin said he'd been fired, and the union went to his for him demanding an arbitration board. The company argued that retirement was its prerogative and lay outside the powers of any such board. It went to the Supreme Court which ruled: "The determination of a mandatory retirement age applicable to all employees is clearly a function of management." But it doesn't mean Justice (now Chief Justice) Bora Laskin wrote "It is to that

that a unilateral termination of service must be held as a matter of law, not to be a dismissal because the company refers to it as a retirement." There's both intrusiveness and intrusion in the determinations, and certainly Mr. Garvin did not retire but was retired. *He plans English. He was put out of his job.*

Rights of management made unadged principles of the labor movement made cynical misapprehensions of governments made there remains the myth of aging. Yes, older workers do move a little more slowly — they are not generally as productive as they once were in their twenties and thirties, when bodies were strong, eyes sharp, stamina almost unlimited. On the other hand, they are more careful, more ritually more able to train and teach and pass on information, to counsel. There is another misconception, that older people cannot learn and therefore cannot be trained. Gerontological research in Canada and abroad has exploded this notion as well (it never had a rational basis). The myth is useful. It provides an excuse to discriminate. We hear very little of the federal government study in the early Fifties (when times were good) which reveals that people should be able to work as long as they felt able.

Muhammad Ali used to be able to go 15 rounds on his feet, those sharp, chop punches all night without working up a sweat. Now he's flattened after a couple of rounds and has to resort to tactics: he uses the ropes, he lets his toughest opponent, opponents wear downers down, battering his gloves and knuckles. Well, so a brief career flares, he lets them out. Muhammad Ali is 35. By boxing standards he's an old man. But there's nobody around to pension him off, so he stays on as champion on the world.



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# BUT RETIRE WELL

The nice thing is you can go home again

BY J. E. BELLIVEAU

**O**nce when we were spending summers on Shelduck Bay in New Brunswick, the local postmaster redirected a Christmas card to our metropolitan Toronto address. On the envelope he wrote, "The postmaster and staff of Shelduck post office also send their best wishes." And it was signed, "Nat Foster, postmaster."

It was that type of thing that helped us make the decision to retire to the 1830 house we had brought back into the family in 1966 after it had been with strangers for nearly four decades. Over the past several years we had been re-mining it—using it as a summer home in our parents' last days before me—and it was filled with endearing childhood memories. There was a spooky no-man's-land where, half a century ago, a basketball frame had hung upon a wooden peg like a rustling skeleton in the closet. Centuries to the southside of the fireplace were iron rings we fondly believed had held a mutated region's avian, Aquila Babcock, who apparently flew her water in a saucer long ago at nearby Shelduck Bridge. Sheril Beal of Shelduck had occupied our house once and when the water roads in Dorchester were blocked prisoners destined for its country jail would be held here overnight.

Truth was though, Babcock had been hanged long before the house was built (He died on June 28, 1865, to be exact). Well, there had been an earlier incident on this same site and the land was owned by William Huggins, the magistrate and war hero, with Joseph and Pascal Poirer, who had apprehended Babcock. And Babcock had been held overnight in a fence-wire arena. So that, too, just enough back to the side to run cold chills deliciously down young spines.

Through 30 years, mostly in Toronto's miserable winter climate, I had never loved things like this and so much more the wilderness and the continuity of New Brunswick's crisp snow, the invigorating

clarity of its cold, the brilliant winter sun. Especially the outdoor skating. When my wife and I began thinking of retirement I seriously wondered if it could be still that good at age 60. Of the summers there could be no question—longed-for, hot-buzzing, hammocky days watching the birds in the orchard, and long, lazy days on the old Cape, never too hot. But soon it was enough to bring us back after all those years.

**W**hen Gertrude and I first began to consider where we would retire to we were in our early fifties. Our five sons were finishing their higher education, and we were alone and with enough spare time to look in places in the world where we might enjoy more complexity or at least escape the utterly Canadian winters. We went island-hopping in the Caribbean and South Atlantic, ducking into Florida, trying Arizona and Southern California, the Canadian Pacific Coast, the Gulf and Atlantic coasts from Texas to Savannah, Georgia, three times to Mexico, to the southern coast of Spain and France, to Italy and to the hills of Algarve in Portugal, not to mention the Greek islands. We checked out northern Turkey, Ireland, the Channel Islands and England's lovely mild Cornwall and Devon. Just to be sure, we also went to Moscow, stopped a while in Seoul and then a son in Hong Kong suggested the south coast beaches of Australia, looked up China, tried Samoa and Fiji, New Caledonia, Tahiti and even Nuku Hiva (it's in the Marquesas very isolated). It was nice in Tahiti, but the profusion of multi-colored flowers in the humid heat gave me hay fever. For 25 years I had been during Toronto's fog-enslaved season for coastal New Brunswick where it's close, and not even Georgian's paradise was paradise for me.

We sold out a Toronto, the best modern city in the world, and came to Shelduck Cape, to the very area where Pierre

Armand, fleeing the Expulsion of the Acadians from Grand Pré, put up his cabin before 1766 (our aerial record of the property) and was removed when William Huggins, who bought the great in London came over in 1785 and put off the refugees. The Acadians never left the district, though, just moved up or down the road, leaving behind the 3,000 acres which later became the English village known as Shelduck Cape.

We were fortunate to have had the means and opportunity to search for the perfect retirement before the area actually came. The house my wife and I just on our own for the job—they can look after themselves—nor for those on minimal pensions because the unemployment do not apply. We're taking here about retirement income levels of between \$50,000 and \$55,000.

**W**e had always known that the family home at Shelduck Cape would suit us perfectly as a summer retreat. After all, summers in the Maritimes are the best anywhere. But for a couple of years there was still the question of where to spend the winter. Our idea, spend on the Cape, had lived up to all the glorious expectations of my dreams, but we quickly found out after that spring is hardly the Maritimes at their best. So before the second winter began, we decided to survey the Atlantic seaboard once again, just to be sure. Going south to Key West, across the Everglades, north to Clearwater and Tampa and back home again before the just drought came, we quickly realized we hadn't chosen wisely. In one \$35,000-per-cent down payment at Florida's Delray Beach the manager was giving out rent books to slither the occupants at the pool.

In his working life, J. E. "Nat" Belliveau was a journalist, public relations consultant and advertising executive.



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## My roots here go back to 1635

but older people, not less and burgers sometimes taste in season. LaFollet, when available, is not the 35-cent in point of 70 years ago, but in season sells from \$1.50 to \$2.10 a pound at the wharves. Shadroe is — by title — the lobster capital of the world, and the products (available only not a choice to dig them the hard-shell quahogs are free for the wading and dipping your hand almost anywhere into the dairy seaweed bed. Electricity is more expensive than in central Canada, heating oil runs about the same.

Still, there are moderating factors. Down east the people live more frugally. Wages and salaries are lower, society is less spoiled by modern modern amperage. Fishing is good, and few writers have out for big game salmon. If you have you can join the annual moose lottery and perhaps become one of the lucky 1,000 registered to try for game.

When the summer folk are gone, Shadroe is a quiet place to be, sometimes a little lonely if you're always loved as a cat. We miss Toronto less as it is now than as it used to be, when the city was more neighborly. We know there are no Shungus-Las. We've looked. If in the end I dwell upon the place where my father's roots go back to 1635, it is simply because no other place seems right. Good, the grass, whisper to my wife when he'll have fresh herbs, and he'll save a leg. John Porter, the watchmaker, takes off his gold Bulova and pins it on my wrist so I won't be tardious when he's fixing mine.

Picking my own time is no problem. There are still some business and writing, tennis, rowing, painting, skating, wedding, formal, wedding, duck-clubbing. The maintenance never ends, except in winter, and then I do a little work as a consultant and my wife scrapes amperage when the housewife's done. I should know. Three daily Canadian news papers, two weeklies, a dozen magazines keep the long winter nights warm, and there are still a thousand books to which to refer! Sometimes we watch television — CBC radio is better — but the Minutes are truly served in this respect.

Down by the coast line rivers in a natural way. There is time to talk and think. Each person has a love, a music, a faculty, is known and has a place in local history. You watch the clouds, see the falling winds and see the rains flood the croaking waters. You feel a part of where you are, a link with those who come write here and think who will follow. Perhaps you never really go away. So you come back — and stay. ☺

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# PUTTING ON THE DOG

Basset hound owners tend to be best in show

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Any time I've thought of a dog show,

I've vaguely pictured frumpy scenes from *Whisper* (*Officer*) with a few red-dog dogs in blue ribbons on pedestals, their owners standing nearby in riding breeches wearing the withdrawn expressions of sadistic actors. But the few times I visited live shows weren't like that. The outdoor dog show in Berne, Ontario, one of the biggest in Canada, was a lively conglomeration of twanging Irish, Irish, Irish and temporary farmers. Many people came in wagon and stayed overnight on the grounds, forming a good-sized village in which about half the residents were barking.

Sociologically, the people were on all fours with their dogs. They had dog neighbors and when they sat around in the evening grilling steaks they were watched by dogs from big possible playpens. Sometimes you weren't sure whether someone was talking about a dog or an owner. "Well, personally, I think he looked like hell behind that Doberman!" I heard someone sitting in a little meadow of Alghem remark because of the crows and distant meowing of dogs and humans I found myself just as interested in the owners as their dogs. Soon I was making my own selection of dog owners and sometimes their children, intently handing out ribbons, medals and cups (sometimes with things like "Most interesting behavior in and out of the ring" or "Dog owner I liked best although I'm not sure why").

Basset hound owners were among my favorites, and the ones I most readily identified with, perhaps because after a few hours walking around the grounds I wanted to sit down and there's something about a basset hound and often about its owner that makes you think of rocking chairs and front porches and bellows, stroking an empty summer night. Basset hounds themselves—monsters of ancient lineage, descended from the French bloodhound and other hounds—are about 11 inches high at the shoulder and sag in the middle like an old punch. One owner told me that it was more that it's seen a rabbit, but the

ones I saw looked as if they hoped they didn't see one and to did their owners.

Dog owners have to treat around the ring with their dogs before the judges (some owners are very ungraciously holding little dogs like Chihuahuas, daintily at the end of leashes as if holding puppies by long strings) and one basset hound owner, a big man with a solid sleeping stomach, looked down at his dog and said, "One more time, Sheriff. Just one more time." Sheriff looked up at him wearily as if he'd like to get his feet up on a coffee table. In a big tent nearby a man with a basset hound came toward his wife, who was sitting in a deck chair and said "Could I sit down there?" His wife got up slowly and the man sank into the chair. "Alright, Honey," he said. I thought he was at least sympathizing with his wife but he was talking to his dog who collapsed underneath the chair.

Another favorite group of mine were the Irish setter owners. They have a tendency to laugh a lot, referring to the disposition of Irish setters, big red dogs with flying hair who sometimes let their tongues roll out and look as if they're laughing. One big handsome male Irish setter suddenly decided to try copulating with another male Irish setter. If a police dog, say, had said this with another police dog, I'm pretty sure the owners would have protested him, but the reformed woman holding the setter just laughed. "He's a boy too," she said. "Are you one of those dogs?" The dog leaped at her and everyone laughed. The Irish setter laughed too.

The dog owners I called Best-Of-Boy-Group were the people with pugs. Little dogs with wrinkled faces that tend to be a favorite of noble Englishwomen. Pug owners, usually particularly feminine. The more love you give a pug the more he loves you back. A woman using and five snubly cream-colored pugs told me. The whole group looked as if they were melting into the floor with love. She had four more at home, the woman said, but there'll probably be eight when I get back. One of them is

ready to have pups." Hearing this one pug showed its head lovingly against my skin, then raised its paws to my knees and looked at me lovingly. When I left two others had their heads together and the woman was smiling gently.

I noticed a sharp-nosed little woman leading a sharp-eared little Shetland sheepdog, and I asked a young man with straight blond hair if people tend to look like their dogs. He looked at me as if considering taking a nip out of me. "Do I look like a poodle?" he said, indicating a poodle with curly blond hair he was holding on a long leash. He identified them probably was a relationship between types of people and the breeds of dogs they raised. But it wasn't a simple matter of, say, big aggressive people choosing big aggressive dogs. "I'm aggressive," he said. "But I like poodles because they're full of life. Big people often like big dogs because they don't have to bend over as far to get close to them. Like that." He motioned toward a man who was barking at a Great Dane trying to get the Dane to bark. He looked at the dog's face without barking in hand any farther than he would if he'd been reaching for an olive.

Women who still sport bouffant hairdos also go in for round little bristled dogs like poodles that need a lot of attention given to them hair. I watched one woman grooming her poodle. I asked her why the dog stood so still and she said he'd had his hair done so often he was used to it. And Noodles knows I'll be him with a hairbrush," she said, putting her nose up against Noodles' nose. She had her own hair held in place with a hairnet, and Noodles had his wrapped up in little bits of pink paper so he wouldn't get twigs or hair in there before the show.

The disposition of dog owners turned to be due, in part, to breeding problems they're having with their dogs. St. Bernard owners, especially, were on the de-

Robert Thomas Allen is the author of the recently published book, *How To Survive The Age Of Tinsel*.





# THE GREAT GLASSCO

Memoirs of a gentleman of pleasure

BY KILDARE DOBBS

Just before dawn on the day of the annual Foster Horse Show, a rainy Sunday in July, he walks to a stupendous racket of thunder and aerial man. But this is by no means a ceremonial sound in a man comfortably in bed, protected by the stone walls of the snug house he designed himself. Outside, the moon is waning the night away, in June. Buffy Glasco is wondering sleepily whether the show will be suited out. He feels a familiar concern. 20 years ago he was one of its founders and today he is so present due to his bed that he is himself. In all that time of years the weather has held fast for the show.

Lightning flickers from gutters and old farmhouses in the house. Buffy declares that he will wait out the rain, as usual. Another worry is nagging at him. The photographer follows a charming French Canadian, has married on taking his picture in riding costume, posed beside a neighbor through the rain. There was already some talk of borrowing a dog to round out the composition. Buffy hadn't ridden a horse for years — his rheumatism was far from his knees anyway. And he knew now that his own strong marriage had begotten him into pursuing a false impression.

"After all," he tells a house guest, "spitting eekily, 'I'm a literary bloke'."

A far description of John Glasco, born in Montreal in 1909, poet, novelist, novelist, future writer and photographer. One of the best writers in Canada and perhaps the best known for an author of his rank. The very presence of his gifts has kept him out of the public eye. In an age swimming with shaggy talents and duck-souled spokesmen for causes, Glasco is an elegantly tailored stylist who studies the ropes of the horse. A late-blooming flower of the movement called by the shaming people would doubtless, he has lived by the discipline of his mind, where his words speak. Walter Pater once wrote, "Not the first of experience but experi-

ence itself, in the end." Glasco is himself has written in a poem, "The events are more important than the end."

In 1972 his *Selected Poems* won him a Governor General's Award. His robust memoirs of his early years in the 1920s, *Memoirs of a Man of Letters*, published in 1970 though written 35 years earlier, was received more warmly abroad than at home. The veteran American critic Malcolm Cowley called it the best of all the books written about a period in Paris — no more in Paris, since almost every North American who spent more than a weekend in the city during the last years of the Twenties has written about it. From his underground career in a pornography Glasco acknowledges such classics as *Under the Hill*, in which he completes a sentence that Aubrey Beardsley began and left unfinished, and *Flower Marrow*, *Green* (the original version of *The English Government* by "Myrtle Underwood"), a masterpiece of fantasy in the same class with *The Story of O* and *Sacher-Masoch's Fanny Hill*. The last-named novel, by the way, Glasco has translated, so far without finding a publisher, he feels the age is so deplorably prudish that true pornography is losing its appeal. He has also translated the *Journal of the French-Canadian poet Saint-Denis-Garnier* and edited *English Poetry in Quebec* and *The Poets of French Canada in Translation*. His pornography work has surfaced mostly in *The Rural Woman*, a sequence of three tales on the theme of all his fiction, that of the beautiful and female who returns the male.

Doubtless a literary bloke. Later on this July Sunday, the weather having obligingly cleared, Glasco drives in his white Olds convertible (the automobile, he tells, is so known in Quebec, now the site of Foster Horse Show. The horses are given him warmly — an old friend who during the war was the rural postman, deliv-

ering mail in all seasons, driving his own spanking horses, a former mayor of Foster who just over 20 years ago had the idea of putting on a horse show on his own farm.

The region around an idyll of fields and farms, nestled among lakes and woods in the shelter of hills that are not quite mountains. Millions of acres in those woods, with their swimming ponds and thoroughbreds, the nature prides do what they can to exploit them.

Buffy, a slight, willowy figure in an open shirt, a scarf at the throat, looks the complex country poet. The military suggestion of the white montaché is noted by the nursing home eyes. His hands and his face are pale. He looks back discreetly on the Western clothes with their cowboy gear and Saddle shoes to contemplate the trim, hand-bitten ladies riding boldly at their fences, horses prancing in the grip of those sharp compelling thighs. Up, and over, the English horse in tight white pants, point at the sky.

The Eastern Townships include pockets of maple in the surrounding French-Canadian of rich forests and low-lying mountains. Most of them are so delicately exaggerated in their "Englishness." Buffy's difference from all this is not at once obvious. He is after all a Glasco, one of a Canadian identity of men of letters who made money and married it and watched it grow. One — J. Grant — gave his name to a royal commission on federal government on governance; another — William — was one of the best legal theorists in Toronto.

True, Buffy has confessed to a dissolute past; at youth he burned in both ends with a spendthrift. Even so he came within a locker of burning out altogether, modeling for dirty postcards, serving the brutal lusts of rich fairy ladies, sleeping three in a bed, even, at Kildare. Doubtless a free-dance writer, author and inviolable.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALAN COOPER

## Glassco burned up his youth in the cafés of Montparnasse, then spent three years in hospital with tuberculosis

the sensations of a handbell, ringing to the entrance of a female leather frunk like some kind of Phœbian lapdog. It's all in the *Messner* that there's room for that kind of thing in the tolerance of the well bedfed. Sewing one's wild oats, it is called. And for Buffy the virgins of such an act was not death—though he sacrificed along and three years of his youth to escape it—but belated chastity.

Then again, he's a man who turns at once to the financial pages of the newspapers (before reading the foremost) and talks knowledgeably about the stock market. Having decided long ago he was incompetent to hold a regular job—and anyway no one ever got rich on a salary—he set himself to learn the art of investment to such good purpose that, armed with a modest inheritance, he soon made himself independent.

The quality that distinguishes him is a kind of innocence. It is as the achieved innocence of a man who has looked steadily at the worst of life and, without being naive, accepted all. At the moment one level this quality can be disconcerting. Sometimes it fails even Marina McCormick, the Montreal broadcaster and theatre critic who became his second wife in September, 1974. "What can you do with a man who laughs all the time through the fiercest predicament of *River Land*?" she exclaims, exasperated. And then in her forthright, sexy way "He's such an (amusing) reason! Even when we have a fight the reason he

gives for quarrelling are so interesting!"

Is a more profound way the innocent finds expression in *The Pit*, the magnificent poem published in the *Toronto Review*. It sums up Glassco's life and thought much as *The Fatal Woman* sums up his creative obsession. Like the *One Last Word of the Selected Poems* it is addressed to Maron ("my kind, my maternal love") and is an exhortation to live in the moment, in the eternal now. The poet accepts the "realism of detail" of daily existence, seeing it as

*desires and dead ends of a polymorph*

*Towards simplicity and the vision  
That should have come in a flash  
of inner glory.*

*I accept them now, they will never  
come.*

The evening will not come.

He prays not to be utterly forgotten though he knows that makers and actors are condemned to the abyss for daring to compete with the Creation: that "old master and wicked workman."

And now the loudspeakers are announcing him as the founder of the *Forster House Show*. The Sunday crowd are applauding. He is to present the trophy he has given in memory of Ginevra Taylor to the friend with whom he burned up his youth in the cafés of Montparnasse, with whom he set up house in a 16-room mansion near here in 1935, after his recovery from tuberculosis—three years

imprisonment in a dreary Montreal hospital. "Return, return, my heart, to the death we should have died," he writes in *The Pit*. But it was Taylor who died, in 1957.

Glassco is presenting the trophy, and ring, saying something inaudible to the winner while the crowd applauds and scans programs for the next event. It's a happy crowd. The stars of Ginevra Taylor cannot mean much to them.

Taylor, friend or evil genius? Of the two young men it was Taylor who considered himself the real writer. He seems to have brushed aside Glassco's efforts. "I should be quite amusing," he said dismissively of the *Messner* in progress. As for poetry, Glassco took to writing it in secret.

Glassco's of the two friends may be caught in the pages of their Paris contemporary, Wesley Callaghan, as he acknowledges in *That Summer in Paris* used them to model for his story *Nas That April's River* a carnival week. The Toronto Irish Catholic was not much in sympathy with the Montreal Ways nor they with him though Glassco met their perceptive Callaghan's strength of character and wrote as a writer. Robert MacInnes in *Being Ginevra* together meets his days with the two young Montparnasse in Paris. Glassco was "then 18 and much the slight, most romantic, disillusioned of the three of us." Leon Edel the great biographer of Henry James, comments in a preface to Glassco's *Messner* that this was true. "I remember his bright questioning eyes," Edel writes, "and his assumed air of indifference as he flicked the ash from his cigarette and whispered an apologetic admission as he returned to the Boulevard de Montparnasse with his friend Ginevra Taylor, or slouched world-weary—and 18—in some bar often the select."

Glassco and his friend were not literary lion hunters. Having paid their respects to Randolph de George Moore, then in his twenties, they met the stars of their Paris neighborhood as chances offered. One of Glassco's former stories is of being thrown out of a party at Gertrude Stein's. When she spoke slightly of Jane Austen's novels, he quietly answered back. Buffy told Miss Stein's self-appointed butler that if he cared to come outside he'd be glad to pull his coat.

The first three chapters of the *Messner* were written during this period in 1932, the rest during the winter of 1932-33 when Glassco was in the Royal Vic-



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## Glassco was part of a *ménage à trois* with a beauty queen; locals in the Eastern Townships called them the Dirty Hermits

new Hospital Mutual awaiting a dangerous operation. "All I feared," he explains, "was to end up in a scene where, a period of what happiness. After barely surviving the operation I turned away from my youth altogether." He did not turn away from his friend. Soon after they set up house near Kananishis they advertised for a housekeeper.

Stoking in his living room the day after the Hattie Show, Glassco says a married man talks about those days.

They lived the first applicants, a young woman obviously doing her best to dispense her verbiage good looks. Luckily she was also an excellent cook. She turned out to be a beauty queen in flight from her past. Before long the hotel man was becoming aware of strings, go right on. The marriage in time was not a common arrangement in the Eastern Townships. "The locals called us the Dirty Hermits," Glassco recalls.

Morton snorts. "I find it hard to believe in all those organs."

"You need yourself as we were a lot younger then."

Taylor fell in love with the beauty queen and married her. Later the marriage went sour. When a woman doubted he would pass the army, go to France and get himself killed in action. That would solve everything. Unlucky for the plan he was not very successful. He found himself putting the shores of the St. Lawrence instead. Butly himself completed as a naval position around the beauty queen's pleasant company. "I became quite fond of her," he says.

But the threecorner ended in an autoimmune divorce in those days an act of parliament was needed.

Later when Glassco became involved with his new wife, Elsie, Taylor grew increasingly strange and jealous. In 1957 having refused the help of doctors, he died of pneumonia.

In a scene Glassco had just got-by to her years before as he lay waiting for death in hospital. The evidence is in *The Po*.

*Turned on him the morning  
light  
The morning made his under her  
I was not ready I was not  
Goodnight to you, goodnight  
to you*

The death of Taylor was not the last wedding for Glassco. Elsie was to end her days in a mental hospital.

A father might argue that Glassco might not be the kind of cop that was forced to bring her past. The ob-

session pressed with such rest in his photographic romance, misadventure. "A man can only with a single voice say 'I am in a brief period in *The Po*," he writes in a brief period in *The Po*. "When, and when he has no other more, resign himself to it. I have treated the *Po* Woman with sympathy, fascination and love, but have left her still confused in her concept of mystery — because as I was not, I could not hear so late, her otherwise. Her delightful person still boiling in his veins, Glassco has not sought to explain his *Po* Woman only to involve and joy himself to her. From the person reveal his most secret dreams and emotions, he has made his art for its own sake.

The talk for explanation belongs to journalists rather than art. Glassco has not written about the origins of his obsession though he is aware that they go back to childhood.

"I remember clearly that at about the age of seven I knew that I enjoyed being driven in cars like a little horse," he says. (Which might incidentally "explain" his fondness for horses later.) He was taught by governesses, at least three of them, though none was beautiful and one like Hattie Marwood. "I might have wished they were," he adds, smiling.

Sent as a boarder to Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, in his early teens, Glassco unconsciously made enemies of his classmates by quietly taking first place in studies, sports. Since most of the boys were older and stronger than he was, they made his life hell. He learned to conceal his intelligence. Even then he found school an unbearable that

he sought desperately for some means of escape. He found it when he managed to adopt a small variety with a dirty hand: age borrowed from another boy. The copies made him seek enough to be taken home. He could easily have died of septicaemia.

Relations with his father were not happy then. *The Whole Story* in the *Hotel Po*. The son would have liked to have won his respect. He never succeeded and what was more painful, he came to see that his father failed by his own standards. He lacked the Glassco touch with nature.

Such distant conflicts still reverberate in his memory. But Glassco long since learned to be unapologetically himself. When Margaret Atwood showed her first manuscript in a short story in a little magazine which took her name and Glassco's in turn, she alleged that he had told her after a party, reading that her verse gave him an erection. Glassco shrugged off the fuss — involving lawyers, the Writers Union and a flurry of correspondence in the press — as "an erection in a sentence."

In his mid-20s Glassco broke Canadian waters too much for him. Morton and he spent the next months in a summer house in Maine, just outside Bangor, to the mountains of Maine. There, among the flowers and mountains, he explored the south town with its theatrical places, says Margaret and works at his writing. A poet who had schooled himself to writing sentences, he sought without finding the right of devotion that still find him hanging on the cliffs of his departure.



and to his wife, who always said she worked like a horse

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# THE NEW ADVENTURES OF ELISABETH HOPKINS

Discovered, at 80, to be an artistic talent

BY AUDREY THOMAS

I have come down 18 miles from the north end of Graham Island to visit my friend Elisabeth Hopkins. It is the summer of 1974, and she has not yet moved across the Transcanian Channel to her new home on Saltspring Island. Even there she might well have been on two separate islands, because between the two small communities we inhabited on Graham there is nothing but the road and the tracks and trees on every side. My journey is both symbolic and real.

Elisabeth lives in the last cottage before the ferry, an admirable location for keeping in touch with the gang on shore. She has her friends who drop in, and she also has her area, and while I'm there a tiny sparrow tries to get into the feeding station just outside the kitchen window. "No dear," she says. "No. Go round to the other side." But it flies away. "Oh, poor thing. Its poor."

Elisabeth Hopkins, at 81 years of age, is an artist in the process of becoming "known" at least in British Columbia. Her art, using watercolour drawings of birds and brains and magic moon-glazed landscapes, with their often naive, sometimes almost quality, have brought her to the attention of the prestigious Ban-Xi Gallery in Vancouver. They are painting enough of her natural subject for a showing.

Her art, however, will never be as fascinating as the mind behind the drawings. For my friend is a highly complex, highly cultured Englishwoman who, in a sense, just happened to have landed up in this tinyfolk cottage on a small island in the Gulf of Georgia, about 20 miles from Vancouver.

Elisabeth comes from a long line of cultured and talented people: explorers in the fields of geography, science and the arts. Her grandfather, Edward Mar-

ton, was secretary to Sir George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company and chief factor of the company after the death of Sir George. His wife's uncle, Peter Skene Ogden, was one of the great explorers of Canada. Ogden Peak in Victoria is named after him, and it was he who opened up the Canby and was the first white man to see Mount Shasta. Her father's second cousin, Frederick Cornwall Hopkins, was the discoverer of vitamin and a Nobel Prize winner. Her grandfather's second wife (his first, Anne Ogden, died of cholera) was the painter Frances Anne Bentley and "had a fine time going on all those trips with him." On her mother's side there was a famous mathematician, Colin Campbell of Auchmar, who kept an observatory in his garden in the wilds of the Scottish Highlands and of whom the great Sir Isaac Newton once said, "If Colin Campbell came to London he would make children of us all."

Yet perhaps the most famous of all

Elisabeth's many relatives was the offspring of her great uncle, Monty, the English poet, General Monty Hopkins. And it is with the poet that she, at a painter, has the greatest similarity. Their response to nature is a common one. Both contain within their work a strange paradox of simplicity and sophistication. Both hold a strong belief in God.

Thus this sophisticated English lady ended up living alone on a tranquil Canadian island in a tribute to her self-sufficiency. Yet she delights in visitors, is very quick to get out the sherry and biscuits (judging) or the animal crackers (children) when a caller knocks. "I don't really understand about loneliness," she says, "because I don't think I'm ever lonely. I find my own company extremely easy."

Elisabeth's interests go far beyond her cottage door to the world of art and politics and ideas. At the same time, she can retire for hours on end, retreat within



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"I was getting bound down by possessions"

herself to create – in what she laughingly calls her "woodie" (a small table, a stool, a window in one corner of the living room) – those watercolor offerings from the world within herself, the world of imagination.

"All this throws you into your anticipation," she says. "I need to think I'd like to have been a doctor. But a friend said to me, 'When you have thoughts like that you always think of being at the top of the tree in the doctor line: what would happen if you were in the slums and had no patients - you're still a doctor - isn't that?' It's true. If you were a poet you might be a rotten poet. If you dream of being a singer, you dream of singing at Coward Garden or the Mer not some moldy little parish hall. Always at the top of the tree, our imaginary selves."

It is interesting that she is saying this at a time when they talk about her work now, in Vancouver, and I wonder if she ever has any flights of fancy about being "known" as an artist.

'No' she answers 'because I don't particularly wish to be. I'm too old to show publicity though I do appreciate the house the gallery is doing me in wishing to exhibit my paintings. Now if I were 30 or 40 years younger I should probably be delighted because it would be the beginning of a real career, wouldn't it? And yes, perhaps I might not enjoy it. I admit that would very much but I don't think I'm ready for it. It seems not.'

She did not begin to paint seriously until she retired in her sixties (and she tells me quite sharply, but without elaborating, that she is not to be compared with Grandma Moses) but she remembers liking to draw from a very early age, though she never formally studied art.

The first school I ever went to was an American school. That was in Bermuda. I used to go for two or three hours a day. I was four. The only thing I remember doing at that school was drawing long-clothed babies on my slate. And that was very simple: you see, you just drew two lines and make going across and then put a head on and arms – you wouldn't want any feet. And I can remember that as well as anything.<sup>12</sup>

But it was well over half a century later before she had the leisure and inclination to take up a talent of which she had been aware but had never pursued. She had traveled greatly in a long career as a nurse (she trained in nursing, physiotherapy and radiography) and as a social worker, but she says "I don't like to con-

side myself a name.' I don't like to have any label. I've done all sorts of things. I've even washed dishes in one of those restaurant places. I haven't sold news papers on the street but I've done so and all things. A rolling stone. I never settled down to work seriously, and checked anything. I didn't like."

During the war she was supervisor of the welfare department of the Chamber Investment Company, making up its accounts for life insurance yet it was her interest in the theatre which drew her to Britain in 1940. Five years ago, after World War II she went to work in a receptionists for a newspaper in Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. And one day a prince who had been a phyisotherapist in Jersey met and kissed the doctor Elisabeth. He told her about the occupation of the island. The girl told Elisabeth all about the "rheumatism man" (vehicles which travelled about treating rheumatic patients) in British Columbia.

"We wish that," says Elisabeth, "I could have stayed in Jersey during the war, but I didn't want to go to London and went to the Immigration people and they passed me. Then I went to the Royal Midland Lakes and said: 'You said in British Columbia' and they said: 'No, we don't know you.' So I said: 'What of call?' It was Vienna, so I said: 'OK, yes, book me to Vienna'."

"And still I came not knowing a soul,  
no prescript, nothing. I was just on the  
19. — But I didn't care," she smiles with  
bright, clear pleasure. "Well, I did enjoy  
it. I was just a little bit nervous. I  
knew I was getting bored down by  
postcards and still it's a great release. I  
had lovely old furniture and all seen of  
nice china and everything, you could  
think of. I just found out that I  
wasn't going to be a 'night owl' —  
you know, that they were busy, you  
know, they possessed me. I didn't pos-  
sess them. So I got out of the lot. I sent  
off the best of my things to various re-  
sellers. I even sold all my books. — If  
you can find a place to sell your books,  
books, my love, except just the ones I  
couldn't live without and still I came  
just like that. And I was only two weeks  
in Canada when I got a job at a nursing  
home, and that was the entrance I hoped  
for. I was never over a day's absence  
from my job, as long as I had enough

When constant exposure to the drug, penicillin, gave her discomfort, Elizabeth was advised to give up nursing. She acted in comparison to a woman with muscular dystrophy, and when the woman died Elizabeth chafed upon what she called a "most amusing advertisement" in the *Victoria* paper.

Wanted: A mature woman to help mother with first baby and iron stove.

"I helped her with her first baby," re-

calls Elizabeth, "and we brought him up on purely English lines" [His voice captures the studies.] "He lay out in the garden all summer with no clothes on and got as brown as anything. One of her friends had a rival baby a month or two older and he always had wooden hooves on, even on hot days! And the baby I helped with was so bony I did the housework and all the blooming shirts I stayed with her for quite some time."

In the few weeks prior to my visit, Elisabeth had become inspired by the drawings of a young friend, and she had been doing highly decorated animals such as a lion who was staring straight



part of the network has been covered in  
lovely photos and there is something

why I do them," she answers. "I can understand how some of the well-knowns printers can go on year in year out doing the same old thing."

[illegible]

I have come to visit with two Bull's friends (five years old and three). They are there to meet Elizabeth. We all stand around looking at her caskets.

"Tell me what you see," she says (admonishing them not to touch). "A tiger. An elephant. A ladybird. What else?"

The two little friends munch on animal crackers and stare big-eyed at the lion with the wartsnatch. A young woman with beautiful long and hair is doing hard-edge paintings in Elizabeth's small cuban behind the cottage. I hold out two fresh eggs as a present. She is delighted. I remember what another friend of mine once said about visiting here: the presence of Gabeau.

It is time for me to go. Elizabeth allows me only two shaman because I have to regress at the viewing North End Road. As I go out the pull back the clock faded, pausing straw that serves as a shaman's curtain. There is a flower on the door "Please knock before you enter" I drink of Owl and Pooka-Bear and Eyoer. There is also a hand-beamed sign on the gate. PLEASE DO NOT DRINK THIS wine. (A flower on an ancient).

She stands in the light of the doorway,  
waving. Elizabeth Hopkins, born April  
12, 1864, Fort Collicock, Hampshire. So  
take it, So there ☺



# FEAR OF DYING

Warning: worrying too much about cancer may be injurious to your health

BY W. GIFFORD-JONES, MD

Cancer patients suffer from an overwhelming fear of cancer. According to a Canadian Cancer Society survey, one in four people think the disease is newsworthy. In fact, cancer is more often feared than many diseases. New surgical techniques, radiotherapy and chemotherapy are continuing to give doctors greater success in treating forms of malignant disease. Above all, twice as many people die from heart disease as from cancer, and accidents and the flu are not far behind cancer on the World Health Organization's list of death causes in advanced countries.

Yet every year, more millions of cancerophobes turn frantically to the doctor. If he is a good doctor, he will tell them fear. But many patients go on worrying needlessly.

One probable cause of cancerphobia is that more people are dying of cancer today than in former years—not because cancer has suddenly flared up like an infectious epidemic, but because people are living longer, due to therapy instead of being carried off in their youth by a ruptured appendix or pneumonia, they are succumbing to the degenerative diseases of old age, and cancer is in part a disease of old age.

Another cause of fear is the Madison Avenue-style campaign mounted to warn people of cancer's dangers. The war against malignancy has become big business, with millions being spent on advertising, as well as on research into the disease itself. Cancer societies have done a tremendous job raising these millions, and thousands of dedicated volunteers have put in long hours working for the cause. But in their zeal they have oversold their product. This is unfortunate. There is no sure cure for cancer when it is diagnosed and treated early. So the cancer societies, with the best intentions, believe it is vital to see your doctor if you have abnormal findings, a lump, a persistent sore that does not heal, abnormal discharge, and so on.

But these symptoms may also be due to benign problems. Most men with rectal bleeding have hemorrhoids, not cancer. And the vast majority of women with abnormal bleeding have polyps, cervical or inwards at the opening of the uterus, fibroids, infection or increased thickness of the lining of the uterus. Persistent discharge is almost always due to vaginal infection, and it can also be simply an increase in the normal discharge. Most breast lumps too are benign. Unfortunately, this message is not conveyed to the layman with the same Madison Avenue expertise.

Like most things, cancer is not white one day and black the next. We don't suddenly develop flat feet, nor does our hair turn grey overnight. It usually takes years for those things to happen. The body's cells act in the same way, undergoing a series of definite changes on the way to cancer. Modern tests enable doctors to pick up these small changes long before the cells have cancerous growths plenty of time to treat the patient before outright cancer develops.

The cancer societies' silence is therefore sound, but perhaps there would be less cancerphobia if they also pointed out that the symptoms they publicize are usually due to non-cancerous problems. The only way to find out for sure is to see your doctor immediately.

Another major cause of cancerphobia, undoubtedly, is the vast amount of publicity in recent years linking lung cancer to smoking. I have no wish to condemn smoking, there is no magical way that abiding smoke can be good for your lungs or your health generally. It certainly aggravates many lung problems, such as bronchitis, bronchiectasis and emphysema, and like most doctors I represent the millions spent annually to persuade our children that smoking is the acceptable thing to do. Most of us former smokers still have a bad smoking smell on our clothes when our colleagues blow clouds of smoke at us with gay abandon. But

does smoking really cause cancer?

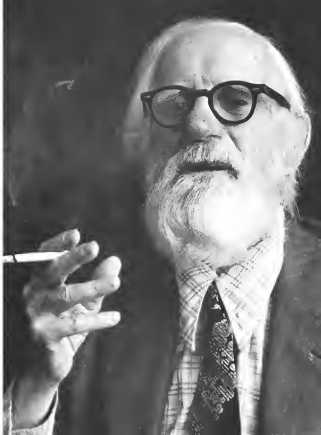
For some people, the case is closed. They accept the U.S. Surgeon-General's report as gospel. The more you smoke, the report said, and the longer you have been doing it, the greater your risk of dying from lung cancer. But the committee that produced the report carried out no new medical research. Instead, it conducted retrospective studies, in which people with lung cancer were questioned about their smoking habits, and prospective studies, which involved apparently healthy men and women, some of whom later contracted the disease. More than a million people were monitored over several years, 37,000 later died of various diseases, and their smoking habits were then compared.

The results allegedly proved that the death rate for lung cancer was 10 times as high among smokers as among non-smokers. The figures seemed so convincing that no one apparently wanted to disagree with them. But the great weakness of the report was that it was a statistical study, and statistics can be misleading. In fact, it was the statisticians who proved the loudest critics of the findings.

For while the report showed that more smokers than non-smokers died from stomach cancer, still other statistics indicated that as cigarette smoking has increased deaths from stomach cancer have decreased. And, since people who have never smoked make up only a small part of the total population, how does one explain the disparity between the large number of smokers and the rarity of lung cancer? But that it been demonstrated that heavy smokers are stricken with lung cancer earlier in life than light smokers, which you might as soon as if smoking were actually the cause.

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## Indians rarely get lung cancer

There is a vast difference between saying that smoking aggravates a problem such as bronchitis and saying that smoking causes it. Why do statisticians tell us of the "smoke deaths" of smokers? Why is lung cancer found in animals? The white South African male has been the world's heaviest smoker for years, yet his rate of death from lung cancer is lower than either that of Great Britain or the United States. And Great Britain, which has a higher lung cancer rate than the United States or Canada, has a lower per capita scale of smoking. Indians and Eskimos are heavy smokers but they seldom get lung cancer. Some scientists speculate that there are marked differences in susceptibility are more likely related to atmospheric pollution. In general, the death rate from cancer is twice as high in cities as in the country, but it doesn't follow that dirty air is the culprit — some highly industrialized areas have a low rate of lung cancer.

Even in research laboratories, experiments are anything but convincing. The British Medical Council carried out experiments in which mice and hamsters were exposed to strong concentrations of cigarette smoke for five years. None developed lung cancer. In similar tests, U.S. researchers found that animals like humans developed smoker's bronchitis, but it did not progress to cancer. And if the exposure to smoke was stopped for a few months, the bronchitis cleared up.

Supporters of the smoking-lung-cancer theory frequently refer to experiments in which the cancers are produced in mice by repeatedly painting their skins with tar. But medical journals have severely criticized these experiments. The amount of tar needed to produce cancer is substantially higher than that found in cigarette smoke, to expose yourself to an equivalent amount, you would have to smoke something like 100,000 cigarettes a day.

One question that must be asked is: do statistics hang-ups play a part in the seemingly pure cigarette? Some statisticians claim the U.S. Public Health Service set out from the beginning to encourage smoking even if it could be proven scientifically that smoking was not harmful. It was just a matter of getting 10 blue-chip scientists to put a collective stamp of approval on a pre-conceived notion that smoking was injurious to health. And these statisticians say the scientists chosen were the types who wear their rubber whether or not it's raining. That made the result was a report that was politically safe: they could not condemn smoking, so they had

no option but to condemn it, even if they were later proved wrong.

Ironically, while the U.S. Surgeon-General's report has apparently had no significant effect on smoking, it has made more people "hypochondriac smokers," worrying that they are further along the road to cancer with every puff. But it is important to look at the total picture. The report devotes 387 pages to condemning smoking, but only a few lines to its possible psychological effects. What would happen to 90 million North Americans if by some miracle they all stopped smoking? Would the removal of this "comforter" cause stomach ulcers, hypertension, heart attacks or colitis? What would happen to older people deprived of the consolation of a quiet smoke? Has the scare taken away the pleasure? In a word, has cancerophobia done more harm than smoking?

Life can end in many ways. Smoking may hasten that end — but to deny that it produces pleasure, to say it invariably causes diseases such as cancer, is to cause a legitimate, considerable attitude. It has been said that each person goes to hell in his own way. If smoking is the worst of those ways, one should not become neo-nazi — one should consider the alternatives. The vast amounts of money that financed the Surgeon-General's report could have been more wisely spent on basic cancer research, or on other worldwide problems such as pollution, the energy shortage or overpopulation. It is impossible to take all the risk out of living, so it may be a good idea not to put up all the pleasure.



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# SETTING FOOT ON THE CHARLOTTES

Two people on one beach is overcrowding

BY SUSAN MUSGRAVE

I was talking the other day to a Danish filmmaker on the wharf at Port Clements, one of the largest ports on the Queen Charlotte Islands. "What did you do before you came here?" I asked him. He smiled, delightfully. "I was a janitor."

The Queen Charlottes are like that: a cheerful, ethnic, hedgeridge, where backgrounds vary as much as race. I came to live here two years ago, hoping to find a quiet place to write. Now I find I have to go to Vancouver (I want motion). The old friends and acquaintances who grace you for years in the city make a point of looking you up.

The first thing you have to do when you come here is take off your watch, for time on the Charlottes doesn't run to any schedule. When my father came to stay with me, he complained that he had been waiting a month for a new engine part to arrive in Victoria. "That's nothing," said Freda Unsworth, one of the remaining descendants of a pioneering Charlottes family. "I took my father to Moosea seven years ago and I haven't got a back yet."

The Queen Charlotte Islands lie about 45 miles northwest of Vancouver, and are made up of two principal islands — Graham and Moresby — and some 150 smaller islands. The atmosphere here is similar to that of western Ireland. It is warmed by ocean currents, so climate is much the same. Fish are seasoned with little quantities of baking soda, and seafood is sold, and there's something of the Irish in the people here as well. Talking about the weather, one old Becho-wee woman told me: "On a clear day you can see as far as your own back."

The Charlottes are one of the few places in Canada where you can still live "off the land" in a log cabin — without leaving. The beaches, rivers and forests offer you a plentiful supply of salmon,

*Susan Musgrave is a poet and an author of children's literature.*

salmon, wildfowl, fish and seal pup.

The policies of mainland Canada's society are shared here: Indians — the islands' population is about one third Haida — loggins, hippies and Japenese coexist freely. "What you see when you don't have a gun," declared my neighbor one morning. I looked around expecting to see a hot-point back and saw instead a long-haired, bearded fellow in a billiard hat. Two days later my neighbor presented this moving target with a wood stove.

To some extent, the people's lifestyles are defined by their architecture. A large section of the population is here only temporarily, and they know it. As in many northern communities, most of the buildings seem to have been imported on the landscape rather than having grown out of it. The way of life is guided by the luxurious mobile homes and semi-detached suburban villas that grace a herringbone town such as Port Clements. Moosea, whose population was doubled five years ago by a Department of National Defence invasion, supports an impressive array of identical stores and commercial quarters. On Queen Charlotte City's "Happy Hill," Buddy Toller lofts spread like mushrooms — bubble-like dwellings that defy any laws of conversation or gravity. The few residents of the hill have expressed a desire to secede from the rest of the province. They don't share the same sewer or water supply as the rest of Queen Charlotte City, and don't want to become interdependent when their neighbors down the hill take the plunge.

As it is, Moosea is the only incorporated town on the islands, housing one of two liquor stores and a cocktail bar. The only link to the mainland is the Indian Village two miles down the spit, now referred to as Old Moosea. A town that hasn't really found itself yet, Moosea borders between provincial finance, alien and convenience.

But Old Moosea has an entirely different atmosphere. Essentially, it is the same as it has always been — a long row of houses fronting the sea. The old tenement houses are gone, but that's not as significant as many seem to feel. The place has changed differently, there's an strange quality in the village that many people find frighteningly, vaguely hostile. It is easy to remember



some as it has always been — a long row of houses fronting the sea. The old tenement houses are gone, but that's not as significant as many seem to feel. The place has changed differently, there's an strange quality in the village that many people find frighteningly, vaguely hostile. It is easy to remember

the most remote, places you need to live, a boat or plane to get to and where the weather turns bad. You may be marooned for weeks. Both main islands are wooded with majestic bays and beaches with everything from Japanese glass fishing floats to whale vertebrae and totem poles. Often the Haida were there first, leaving behind totem house posts and memory poles now crumbling in the moss — an atmosphere of an abandoned village, unforgettable.

It must have been some time a little closer to the first Indians who spotted the white man's great flying canoe on the horizon. Joe Tulip, a Haida from Skidegate, told me that when the Indians were not in their canoes from Kasaan (a settlement on the northwest coast of Moresby) to greet the first European ship, one man stayed on board for a few days. He came back with the news that the foreigners are magpies and had a bear looking for them. The magpie turned out to be true, the bear of course, was a Negro.

Between 1400 and 1800, the Haida population dropped from 8,000 to 800, devastated by smallpox, disease and exposure to the white man's ways. Missionaries, conversely, blamed this disaster on the fact that the Indians insisted on keeping their totem poles.

Today many Haidas make their living by carving argillite, a soft slate from which native carvers have extended their woodworking technique since the 1830s. These carvings command high prices, though the industrial market encourages a lot of inferior workmanship. But quality pendant carvings and brooches can be purchased locally for less than \$50.

The Charlottes have a population of fewer than 6,000, and anyone who really loves this island feels passionate about them. The sight of another human being on a three-mile stretch of beach is an outrageous invasion of privacy. But the islands survive it all. There will always be another tide to wash away yesterday's footprints in the sand.

## HOW TO GO, WHERE TO STAY

Tropic Western Airlines has one flight a day from Vancouver to Sandspit — \$115 return. It also has a flight out of Sandspit to Port for \$55.50 one way. The Mackinac Transportation Co. operates a bus service between most Charlottes Island communities and Sandspit Airport. Trips from Port to Sandspit have several departures daily between Prince Rupert and Moosea, Skidegate and Queen Charlotte City. Trips to Skidegate and Queen Charlotte City are on weekends and holidays only.

There's a two-week flightless "hiway" service from Prince Rupert but the cost is more than \$200 return if you bring your car. For a short stay it's cheaper to rent. There's at least one motel or hotel in the major centers — prices range from about \$60 dollars single to \$20 double. The Queen Charlotte Hotel in Queen Charlotte City is a good choice. The Golden Sparrow Motel in Port Clements cannot be met places on Graham Island is reasonable. Old River Lodge has accommodations for a few guests.

Take good this year.

# ALTMAN AIMS AT AMERICA, AND MISSES

By John Holnes

Good films extend the range of thinking and understanding in an audience. That's the first problem with Robert Altman's *Nashville*—it has none.

The present version prepared for theatrical release runs two hours and 39 minutes and was edited down from 10 hours which Altman hopes to repackage as a series and sell to a television network. In it we follow events over several days in the lives of 34 principal characters. Most of them are Country and Western singers, some of them stars of the Grand Ole Opry, or disparate singers whose talents range from zero to rock. Nearly 30 songs are used in the film but none are truly the Nashville sound. Largely to save money the film had a scant \$10,000 music budget out of a \$12 million total) musical director Richard Butler helped some of the performers—Honey Gibson, Karen Black, Lily Tomlin (above), Keith Carradine—compose their own material. Hearing the real McCoy or acquiring the rights to their songs would have cost far more but been worth it. *Nashville* defends the amateur night at Nashville on the grounds that "a lot of well-known Country singers aren't so great anyway." The results range from acceptable parody, 200 Years (by Gibson) which opens the film, to a daffy dirge, *I Don't Worry Me* (by Carradine) which closes the film, but neither song—or anything heard in between—displays the energy or musicianship of first-rate Country music. The score has been praised, like everything else in the film, mostly by reviewers who don't care a hoot for first-rate music. What they appreciate apparently is Altman's backstage view of Nashville's music industry as a metaphor for much that is wrong with contemporary America. You need only check out an album such as Clint Allen's *Superstars* to realize how false and condescending *Nashville* is in treating Country music as essentially cornball stuff that anyone can compose and play. The fact that there is no show-stopping musical talent in *Nashville* cheapens the top off the movie right from the start.

So we're left with a haphazard musical play, a post-Whitmanic wad in pulpy confusion. The film opens in a recording studio with Haven Hambrick (Honey Gibson), a regional star, singing a week-number hymn to America's goodness ("We must be doing something right to live 200 years"). But twice he stops short to cuss out the piano player called Free (played by music director Richard Butler). Finally Hambrick walks out in a half-tilting rage; instead he'll cut the record when he get the proper talent to back him up, and killing Frog. "Get your hair cut, boy. You don't belong in Nashville." Or, worse, we are supposed to notice the discrepancy between Hambrick's public image and private self, and we are encouraged to regard it as hypocrisy. But (a) the piano player really is lousy, and (b) all of us behave somewhat differently in public than in private and the occasional trueness are not proof of moral turpitude. Practically every scene in *Nashville* is so full of supposed contradictory upon human behavior but lacking in clarity.

A RBC television correspondent named Opal (Geraldine



Chaplin) wanders through a vast parkland filled with smothered remnants of old cars, listening into her microphone, "This is America...brined, bleeding, rotting, wasteful..." and so on. During another stroll through a huge park jammed with school buses (this being the South and all) she says such things as, "Yellow is the color of cowards. Yellow is the color of cancer. Yellow is the color of—why—the yellow peril..." etc. So we are used throughout the film to make fatuous remarks about things that Altman wants to show the audience but not criticize directly himself—a hypocritical narrative device that might be called having your social comment and eating it too.

The film ends with an assassination. The killer, Kenny Francy (David Hayward), is a 19-year-old youth who slinks through the picture looking for someone famous to shoot. In the only scene that yields any information about him (a long-distance call between him and his mother) we learn that he springs from—*are you ready?*—an over-protective home. ("Kenny, you left your blue suit in the closet, what are you wearing?" "I don't own any blue suit, Ma.") He finally finds what he's looking for in the person of Barbara Jean (Ramsa Blakely), America's latest sweetheart, who dresses in flowing white gowns and sings happy songs about memory and daddy. Our mission is driven straight by all the references to mother love in her ode to *My Mama* and about her stage career between choruses.

"I don't have any philosophy. I don't have anything to say," Altman told Tom Wicker of the *New York Times* in a recent interview when the film opened to rave reviews. "I don't believe in propaganda. *Nashville* is certainly not a definitive study of a culture. It's not even supposed to be accurate. It's just an impression." Altman makes the whole *Nashville* over the film sound like a misunderstanding. He is a 35-year-old liquid Carabole and devout gothicist who might suggest a certain moral and moral skepticism. While obviously adventuresome, in his films over the past five years show—*M\*A\*S\*H*, *Breathless*, *McCand*, *Images*, *McCabe And Mrs. Miller*, *The Long Goodbye*, *Thru the Fire* and *California Split*—he's a bit-and-miss director wildly creative in style.

Like *Easy Rider* in the late Sixties, *Nashville* hits a mythological motherlode. It shows people a disfigured face of America that they want to see. In fame, acclaim and popularity will last—with luck—all of two years. Then people will start asking, as they quite customarily do now when *Easy Rider* is shown on TV, "How could anything so sophisticated ever have been hailed as a masterpiece?"

**RECOMMENDED:** *Love And Death*, "Sex without love is an empty experience." Soaps (Diane Keaton) tells Burt Gurnshaw (Woody Allen) when he first makes advances to her. Burt replies, "But an empty experience, oh, it's one of the best." There are 1,000 more laughs when that scene from in Woody Allen's latest and wisest comedy.



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# AND WHAT DID YOU LEARN TODAY, JOHNNY?

By Philip Marchand

Ever since television began, North Americans — especially educated, middle-class North Americans — have had a guilty conscience about it and their children. At first we were obsessed by the fear that our children would become passive, alienated, permanently conditioned to choose the brain-fudge of television over the harder fare of leather-bound classics. Later we worried about violence, fearing the TV would encourage the latest Charles Manson or our eight- and nine-year-olds. Of course, no one really knows for sure just how television affects children. We do know it is easier to blame it for their problems than to take a hard look at other, more deeply rooted, social causes with such reluctance for 20 hours a

week. If they are going to watch television for 20 hours a week, it's better to get the national average, then it is certainly our right to demand some quality children's shows from broadcasters — programs that stimulate the kids' imaginations. This is all the more true because *Strawberry Street*, which set out to teach preschool children the letters of the alphabet and the numbers between one and 10, has been highly successful at doing just that. *Strawberry Street* actually proved that television can sometimes help children learn.

A CBC program aimed at roughly the same age group, *Mr. Dressup*, has an educational intent, but there is any comparison with *Strawberry Street* and *Mr. Dressup* is of the *Dr. Doolittle* school variety of pretentious programming — particularly how *Strawberry Street* is lavishly (five million dollars a year), earnest and straight from the shoulder while *Strawberry Street* is low key and full of hearty, knowing humor. A more direct comparison can be made with a new CTV program, *Kidn'thly*, which premieres this September. *Kidn'thly* is aimed at an older audience (the age 10-12 age group), and therefore has a different educational intent, but it, too, is working from a viable budget (CTV Director of Entertainment Programming Arthur Weinthal won't discuss actual figures, but insists the show's budget is "comparable to an adult prime time show"). It attempts to use recently selected and somewhat sophisticated humor to drive home its educational message.

The creators of this show, Bill Hanley on contract to CTV and Don Forsyth of Cheltopia Productions, a production house affiliated with CTV in this venture, have conscientiously thought out their strategy. They have researched, they have analyzed, they have evaluated, they have "determined objectives" — all the procedures in the arsenal of educators. They have the means to do it with the show such as running the kids' social awareness, presenting useful information, and so on. They know they want a lot of slick show-biz realism, slick rock (you know bubble gum, actually, high-pitched, direct imitation, "participatory" technique found in your jingles and riddles, kids, or their adolescent friends. And they have the way to make good of this situation. The four 11-year-old kids who host the show and do most of the musical routines are talented and personable. The comedy routines are slickly produced and often amusing. The program, as a



whole, a brisk enough and entertaining enough to hold the attention of its juvenile audience.

The only question that remains is how well does it fulfill that *Strawberry Street* criterion of helping to make the kids who watch it a little bit brighter? On the evidence so far, not very well. You can find out from the program that most "old news and stuff" existed first and that Great Britain was Queen for England in 1789. It is conceivable that a 10-year-old watching it might score a few points higher on a history exam, say, because of the experience. Yet there has been so much concern with doing the show right, with getting all the chronology and the one-liners in there and writing the songs and talking the show in a staccato, *Leap-Frog*-ish, wheedling style, that it hardly does justice to the material they want to get across. Eight-year-olds might not want to get deeply into science or history on a Saturday morning but there are certainly some aspects of science or history that could keep them fascinated. You don't have to submerge them in a bubble bath of song and dance numbers.

The producers assure us that in future episodes of *Kidn'thly* kids will be exposed not only to certain objective kinds of knowledge and information but examples of problem solving techniques. Kids might use in some actual problems they face and the show will suggest ways of looking them. This should be a real test of how conscious the program is. These problem problems can be studied scenes. If the program takes to soft show and one-line approach in this area, they might as well leave all these kids out there to figure out the solution for themselves.

The CBC has come up with a few children's programs for its fall lineup, two of which, *The Storybook Ark* and *Planet 50*, already have some educational intent. *The Storybook Ark* features Gerald Durrell, author of several delightful books on animals and certainly a power in the intelligent use of zoos. This series is almost straightforward documentary, and not strictly a "children's program" at all—Durrell's world is simply too interesting to exclude any particular age group, except perhaps very young. *Planet 50* is a computer diagram of the CBC, OCEA, and the BBC (the CBC partly financed this British media program) and, as its title implies, is an exploration in design and visual imagery. There are some brilliant sequences, using animation and some quirky camera work straight out of *Marty Fierstein*, but the final effect is like one of those early cartoons that you have to sit through at the movies before they get to the fun presentation. These programs are in the after-school hours slot (4 to 6 p.m.) and therefore in near hopeful competition with the *Douglas and Rogers's Homer* series that new rule the time period.

**WATCH:** Look *Wayward* (CBC — Tuesday, 10 p.m.) A bargain basement summer replacement show, that margin from scintillating to stupefying, depending on which quality of you is being interviewed.

## AM

**Aug. 1. CANADIAN SHORT NEWS**  
Broadcast from 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
10:00 p.m. local time 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
10:00 p.m.

**Aug. 2. MUSIC ALIVE**  
Broadcast from 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
10:00 p.m. local time 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
10:00 p.m.

**Aug. 3. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
Broadcast from 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
10:00 p.m. local time 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
10:00 p.m.

**Aug. 4. PERSONAL ORIENTATIONS**  
Broadcast from 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
10:00 p.m. local time 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
10:00 p.m.

**Aug. 5. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
Broadcast from 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
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**Aug. 6. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
Broadcast from 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
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**Aug. 7. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
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**Aug. 9. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
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**Aug. 10. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
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**Aug. 18. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
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**Aug. 19. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
Broadcast from 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
10:00 p.m. local time 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
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## AUGUST HIGHLIGHTS

**Aug. 11. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
Broadcast from 10:00 AM to 10:30 AM  
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**Aug. 27. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
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**Aug. 29. THE ENTERTAINERS**  
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# KURELEK SEES US BETTER THAN WE SEE OURSELVES

By Joy Carroll

A few lucky people in this world have "the magic in them." They vibrate on a higher frequency, seeing, feeling, smelling, hearing and feeling more intensely than the rest of us. Not that they are in this quasi-ecstatic state all the time. It's just that occasionally they come within a smidgen of discerning what is truly real. They are able, for this brief moment, to break down the barriers between themselves and their environment.

Wilfred Kurelek (above), born on an Alberta farm of Ukrainian parents, possesses this rare quality. He is an artist with space and silence inside him, a man who believes in his own beliefs and believes in believing. Kurelek's *Canada* (Penguin Press, \$20) offers at least a half-dozen examples of his work assisted by that divine inner light, seeming to hold that breathless zero-to-10 all which most intelligent people seek all their lives. Kurelek's prize accompanying the paintings is often awkward but scores on simplicity. There is very little room for allegories in this kind of writing. He admits that the super state of mind consciousness does not strike him often anymore. "When I was a schoolboy, nature in person offered a trembling load of ecstasy. It still happens once in a while although it cannot be programmed."

Kurelek was converted to the Roman Catholic Church in 1957 and has since viewed both happiness and negativity from that religion. As a child he knew discrimination because of his ethnic background, was timid and shy, not particularly athletic, a fish out of water in his new world.

The handful of paintings reproduced in Kurelek's *Canada* which possess a distinctly mystical quality take on a life of their own. *Winter Road*, *Peace Days*, *Exposing Awaaw*, *Color* depicts scenes of Canadian nature into one picture red maple, green grass that a painting can be worth 1,000 photographs. *Winter Road* On My Father's Farm surely the most unlikely subject for a landscape interpretation, becomes an icon. Peace days are not new, but Kurelek in that stillness is extraordinarily trapped by them. A photograph of the skies at afternoon sea, when night fall, worked on my paintings by the light on the car ceiling.... I still get a shiver of awe sometimes when I look at that series of photos in my album."

Kurelek's new volume is not just another beautiful coffee-table book. It is an evocative sharing of one man's insights on his inner journey through life, touching the exposed surface of all our lives.

While Kurelek occupies himself fostering Canadian myths, Howard Adams (*Prison Of Grass*, New Press, \$10.95) is just as busy de-mythologizing the prime Mito (Crows) who are half French, half Indian) and the Indian Adams, a Mito and a successful one, has a PhD in Education from the University of California and is a former professor in the Department of Education, University of Saskatchewan. But he has not forgotten his roots nor given up the long struggle to help his people. While he is currently at-



tached to the Department of Native American Studies, University of California, Davis Campus, his heart is obviously bleeding with the great game of the Mito Association back in Saskatchewan.

It was a small miracle that his book ever appeared in print. New Press editor Ramo Borgia found a manuscript in the slush pile addressed to N. C. Press, Toronto, and telephoned Adams to ask if he could the book for New Press. "I don't know," Adams said, "somebody recommended an editor publisher. If you like it, then it was meant for you."

Canadians have been taken in, Adams claims, by the propaganda of "Western imperialism." The stereotype of the Indian is a savage, drunk, lazy, primitive is in some extent those centuries ago by white colonists who wanted to use Indians as cheap labor for the lucrative fur trade. This racist image is deeply entrenched in our society today. "As a result, assimilation of natives into mainstream society is today not a possibility, at least not in a capitalist society."

The author's documentation of Canada's twisted treatment of her Indians and half-breeds is detailed and devastating. The book's most effective section deals with the Red rebellion and the government's handling of that embarrassing and potent confrontation. Adams also recounts his own childhood as a poor half-breed in the village of St. Louis, a few miles south of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, where he was the butt of crude jokes, unable to find a decent job, and surrounded by the half-breed nature he came to despise. But he writes unemotionally and at times this man the book. For example, he keeps returning to the "great conspiracy" working to harm Indians and half-breeds into slavery. "Some labor was an important part of cost in the production of goods. European businessmen wanted to get the greatest amount of labor for the least possible pay, and the purpose of racism was to reduce native people to a subhuman level where they could be freely exploited."

My quarrel with this kind of reasoning is that I cannot imagine the whole business conspiracy of Europe against us as a concerted program about anything. They're still dogging today. And as for Western imperialism having a clear-cut policy, consider France, greedy though she may have been, lacking the forethought to support her colony in Canada against the British in 1753.

*Prison Of Grass* is not an easy read. Adams' answer to the problems of the Canadian Indian and the half-breed is a vague form of socialism brought about by revolutionary action. "Indian and Mito, particularly the young, are a potential revolutionary force inside Canada, yet we have not acknowledged the need for the revolutionary organization, ideology and action that must be developed if we are ever to be free."

While Adams' documentation of deliberate government oppression, ruthless exploitation and finally attempted genocide is acceptable, his solutions, revolution and possible guerrilla warfare, are not.

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# SITTING UP WITH THE CORPSE OF GOOD TASTE

By Heather Robertson

Outside the Shaw Festival theatre in Niagara-on-the-Lake I watch hordes of blue-haired ladies flock to their seats for the Wednesday matinee of Robertson Davies' *Leaves Of Melroe*, a smug, pretentious Canadian comedy which bombed on Broadway 18 years ago and barely opens. The ladies love it. They giggle at the senile jokes and applaud the sheep stage tricks. It's a triumph of vulgarity, not taste. Davies' new play, *Queen's Town*, a potpourri burlesque split which self-destructed at Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre this winter. Davies is considered to be a fine novelist, but he's a terrible playwright. It doesn't seem to make any difference. *Leaves Of Melroe* is the first Canadian play to be staged at the Shaw Festival and the only Canadian play to occupy the main stage at either Shaw or Stratford. "Why? I want to shout from my 27.50 seat, 'What's going on?'"

What seems to be going on is the stagnation of artistic vitality. A slough, a sharp, A creative depression. It's the feeling that came over me at *Leaves Of Melroe*, and again when I picked up *Mayer's* to read, another potpourri of Canadian writers by Mordecai Richler, a feeling of laziness, frustration, almost despair. Davies has been writing bad plays for 20 years, Richler has been peddling that same egotistic malice ever since he left Canada in the Fifties. Now he's come home, but he hasn't changed. Is there nothing new? I find it hard to pick up a book or a magazine, listen to radio, watch TV without feeling that I've read it, heard it, seen it all before. My mood is reflected in a single word scrawled in a CBC elevator: ENNUI.

It's partly a reaction to the enthusiasm of the States where art was watched up and stuffed into concrete crypts where we go now to get our respects to the corpse of Culture. Galleries, theatres, concert halls are lush, plush, suffocating. Sure there is good, provocative theatre in Canada, but you'd find it mainly in old warehouses and church basements and converted firehalls. Directors protest that most Canadian plays are too short, or too simple, or too given to make it on a big stage, actually many of them are too long. They don't fit in a theatre where the play is only part of the audience, an elegant finale to an afternoon spent perching by the fire.

The artist's seduction of his audience is difficult, a risk-taking play of caution and misadventure, a delicate affair that at any moment can explode into laughter or violent passion. Both partners depend on culture, bookish, those scholars, patrons and critics who seek out artists, buy their works and introduce it to the public. Without them art becomes meaningless or terrifying, and in their absence, the disappearance of the collectors, that is enfeebling and depressing too. "I have the feeling I am almost one of the last of the old literary generation," says a film maker, "the generation that still believes in quality, standards, excellence. That's all out of fashion now." The feeling, of course, is a pop culture, do your own thing, as they say, "all art is good," says an 18-year-old student passionately. "Every poem is creative, every painting is beautiful, every novel is great. Who's to judge?"



Who indeed? Most critics are terrified to say whether a book or a play or a poem or a painting is good or bad, they summarize the plot, they review the audience, they list images and metaphors, they search for something nice to say about a bad production and make pious pronouncements of creative work just in case they're caught out, exposed to sin being up to the latest trends. People like me who slog through this grey mud are baffled and infuriated, stuck with 512.93 books we love and expensive evenings at the theatre of exquisite tedium.

It's almost embarrassing now to talk about art. Nobody uses words such as "culture" or "good taste" any more and "heredity" has become meaningless street slang. Meritless aesthetes and people blind and stupid, these feel afraid of being labeled an elitist, typed forever as a snob like that intellectual prig, Sir Kenneth Clark. Our two most influential cultural theoreticians, Marshall McLuhan and Margaret Atwood, offer insights but avoid value judgments: a book can be nonlinear and check full of survivors and still be terrible. The Americans offer a financial sentence — if it sells, it's good — but to Canada this tends to be reversed (if it doesn't sell, it's good). The fixation of patron, connoisseur, has been taken over almost exclusively by the Canada Council and corporate companies.

If all art is of equal value as individual expression, attention naturally shifts to the artist. Instead of critical evaluation of their work we get interviews, we know how much house they drink, what kind of typewriter they use, how often they've been married and how much money they make. (Do I really want to know that Atwood runs sheep? It's like learning that Emily Brontë knitted afghan for the church bazaar.) We know all about Atwood. How many of us find her poetry? Brontë's house has become not a wallpaper to underline but a substitute. An artist's success depends not on the excellence of his work but on his attractiveness to the media, on his ability to become that romantic hero of pop culture, a star. Robertson Davies is a star, therefore his plays must be good.

There is art that speaks directly and strongly to the public in Canada, yet most of it has to be sought out, tracked down in such end-of-the-way places as Newfoundland and St. Catharines, Ontario, in little magazines and thin paperbacks and hole-in-the-wall theatres. Canadian culture is undernourished. Without promoters, without money, without friends, artists get stuck (like playwrights who always write small plays because they're always in small theatres) underground. With no audience and no reward for excellence, they become exhausted, discouraged. In a few years their bones will be discovered — another interesting example of a promising, and failed, artist — and we'll all feel sad. Why didn't we know?

For me art is an emotional response, a flash of recognition. I feel it or I don't. Criticism is an attempt to explain this response, to interpret it and make it universal. If without it, art is just soliloquy. That may be disastrous but without it still soliloquy.

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